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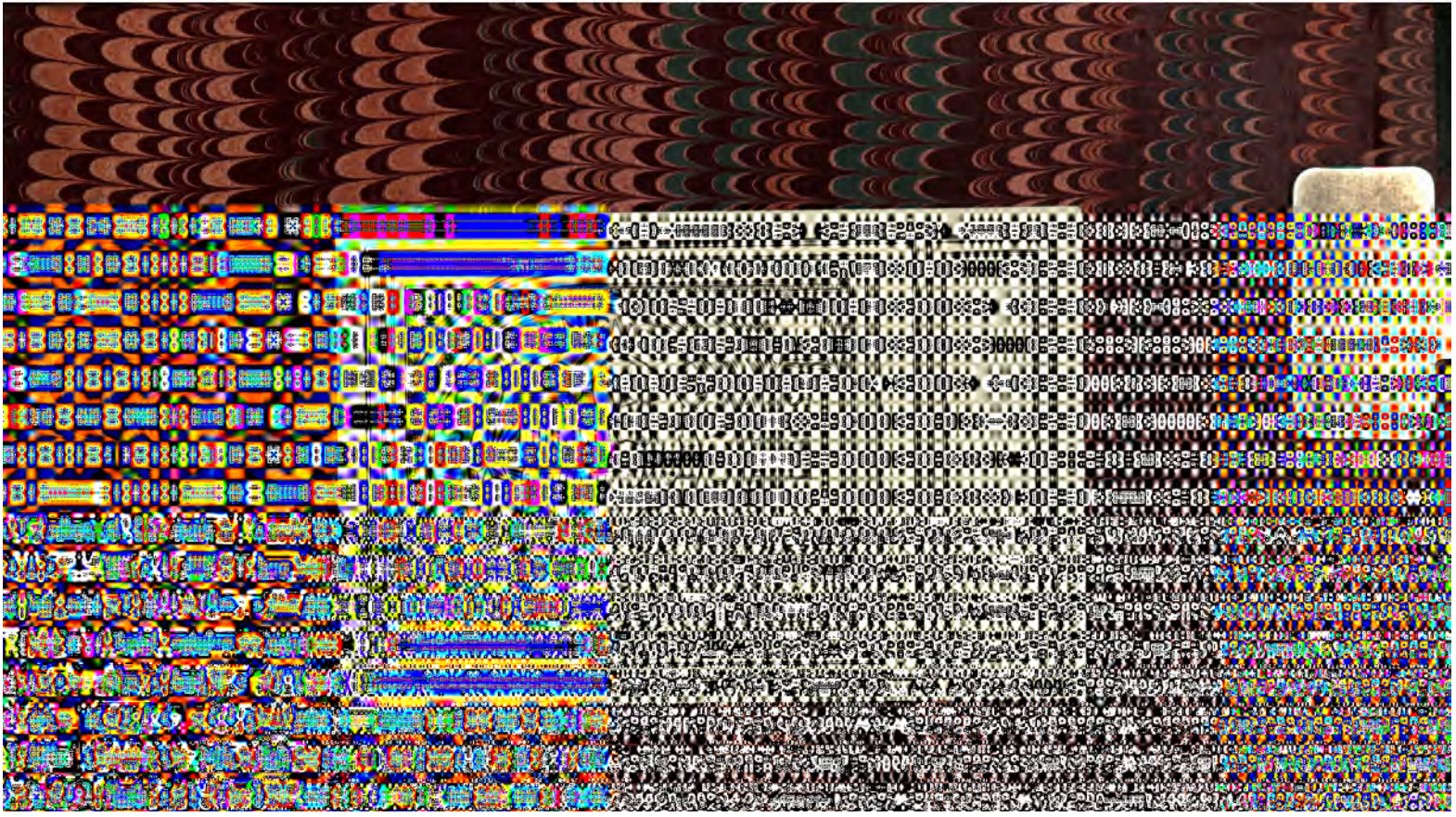

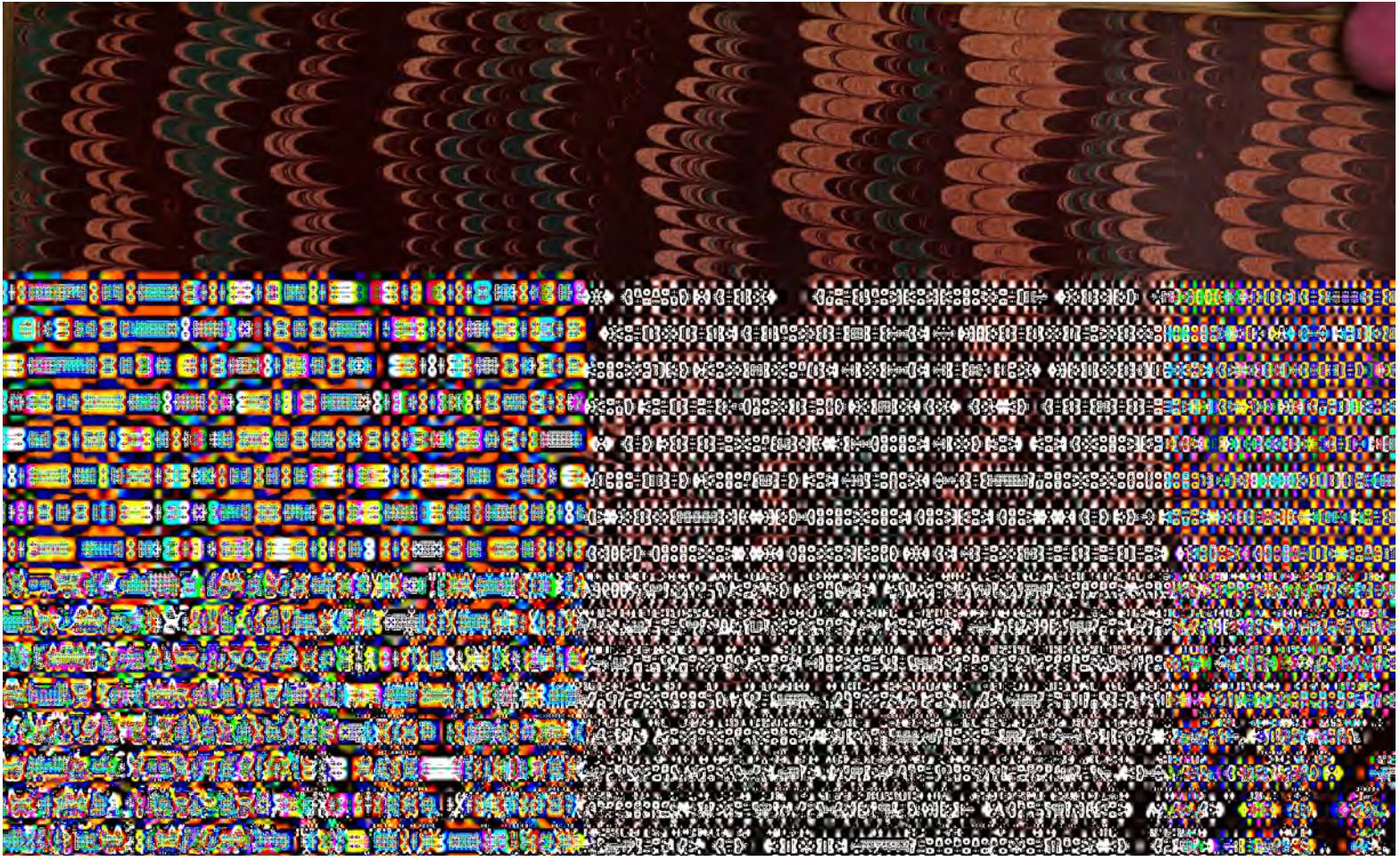

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Mr. William Macniell
Mr. Maclaurin
Mr. N. W. Middleton
Mr. Maitland
Mr. Joſeph Morgan
Mr. James Manning
Mr. Henry North
Mr. Richard Morgan
Mr. James Maclaren
Mr. Adam Moffet
Mr. Mill
Mr. John Maſſie

N.

Univerſity of New York, in the United States of America
Sir Richard Neave, bart.
Richard Noble, eſq.
Samuel Naſh, eſq.
Thomas Newte, eſq.
Henry North, eſq.
Mr. Norris
Mr. Zebulon Newington
Edward Newcomb, eſq.
Mr. W. L. Newman
Mr. William Nicholſon

O.

Right hon. Earl of Oxford
L. W. Otto, Plenipotentiary for the Republic of France—one among the few, who unite, in a high degree, the talents that diſtinguiſh the politician, the ambaſſador, and the ſenator
Mrs. Ord
John Ord, eſq.
Thomas Oliver, eſq.
Benjamin Oakley, eſq.

P.

His grace the Duke of Portland, Lord Preſident of the Privy Council

Right hon. Earl Poulett
Right hon. Lord Pelham, Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department
Right hon. Lord Petre
Right hon. Wm. Pitt, M. P. the eloquent ſon of the illuſtrious Chatham, England's ſucceſsful war miniſter
Univerſity of Pennſylvania—the Alma Mater of the author's father
Sir William Weller Pepys, bart.
Sir Lawrence Palk, bart.
Sir William Pepperell
Hon. Miſs Pelham
William Morton Pitt, eſq. M.P.
John Penn, eſq.
Grenville Penn, eſq.
Mr. Alderman Price, M. P.
David Pitcairn, M. D. Phyſician Extraordinary to the Prince of Wales
Rev. Richard Povah, L.L.B. of Corpus Chriſti College
Rev. John Prince, A. M. Chaplain to the Magdalen
James Peppercorn, eſq.
Richard Payne, eſq.
W. F. Pryce, eſq.
Richard Pack eſq.
E. Poynder, eſq.
James Porter, eſq.
Arthur Pigott, eſq.
John Pollard, eſq.
Archibald Paxton, eſq.
Johnſon Peake, eſq.
Simeon Pope, eſq.
James Parker, eſq.
William Pollock, eſq.
James Pearce, eſq.
Samuel Parſons, eſq.
Henry Parker, eſq.
Mr. William Pinder
Mr. Arthur Perigal
Mr. Pryce
Mr. Charles Platt
Mr. R. L. Percy
John Pearſon, eſq.
Richard Puller, eſq.
Thomas Pickford, eſq.
Edward Parry, eſq.
Mr. Thomas Plaſkett
——— Pringle eſq.
Mr. William Pitcairn
Mr. William Paſhley
Miſs K. Paſhley
Mr. Wm. Penfold
Mr. Robert Page
Mr. J. Perkins
Mr. Robert Pickwoad

R

His grace the Duke of Rutland
His grace the Duke of Roxburgh
Rt. hon. Earl of Romney
Righ hon. Earl of Radnor
Right hon. Lord Rivers
Right hon. George Roſe, M. P.
Right hon. Dudley Rider, M. P.
Sir Giles Rooke, knt. one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas
Sir M. White Ridley, bart. M. P.
Rev. Raymond Rogers, M.A.
William Rawlins, eſq. Sheriff of London

H. R. Reynolds, M. D. Phyſician Extraordinary to the King
D. Rittenhouſe, eſq. of Philadelphia, one of the greateſt philoſophers of the preſent age
Benjamin Ruſh, M. D. Profeſſor of Chemiſtry in the Unverſity of Pennſylvania,—whoſe tender care of the lives of his fellow citizens, at the riſque of his own, when the yellow fever raged, endears his name to every philanthropiſt in the Old, as well as the New World.
Henry Rogers, eſq.
Thomas Ramſay, eſq.
William Matthew Raikes, eſq.
William Raikes, eſq.
Francis Rivaz, eſq.
Abraham Robart, eſq.
Philip Rundell, eſq.
William Rayer, eſq.
Ambroſe Rigg, eſq.
Rev. J. Rippon
W. Row, jun. eſq.
John Row, eſq.
John Rogers, eſq.
Robert Ray, eſq.
Mr. Reeve
Mr. Alexander Robertſon
Mr. R. Robſon
Mr. James Richards
Mr. P. J. Redwood
Mr. S. Radnor
Mr. Samuel Reed
Mr. Riley
Mr. Daniel Rutter
Mr. William Reddall
Mr. M. Reddall
Mr. Richard Ranking
Mr. William Roberts
Mr. M. Reilley

S.

Moſt noble Marquis of Saliſbury, Ld. Chamberlain of the King's Houſehold
Rt. hon. Earl of St. Vincent, Firſt Lord of the Admiralty
Right hon. Earl Stanhope—the diſintereſted and intrepid patriot, in times the moſt critical and eventful
Right hon. Earl of Sandwich
Rt. rev. Lord Biſhop of Saliſbury
Right hon. Lord Somers
Right hon. Lord Southampton
Sir George Auguſtus William Evelyn Shuckburgh, bt. M.P.
Sir Philip Stevens, bart. Lord Commiſſioner of the Amiralty
Right hon. Thomas Steele, Joint Paymaſter of the Forces, M.P.
Rich. Br. Sheridan, eſq. M. P.
Joſeph Holden Strutt, eſq.
David Scott, eſq. M. P.
Col. Sibthorpe, M. P.
William Smith, eſq. M. P.
George Shum, eſq. M. P.
Rev. William Smith, D. D. Provoſt of the Univerſity of Pennſylvania on its firſt eſtabliſhment—one of the firſt who diffuſed the light of ſcience over the new world.

John Sergeant, eſq. Joint Secretary to the Treaſury
Charles Smith, eſq.
William Smith, eſq.
S. Shewell, eſq. Philadelphia
George Stoneſtreet, eſq.
John Sullivan, eſq.
Richard Jos. Sullivan, eſq.
Rev. William Sparrow
Francis Sims, eſq.
G. W. Swedenborg, eſq.
C. Smith, eſq.
William Slater, eſq.
Joſeph Sales, eſq.
Samuel Scott, eſq.
Benjamin Shaw, eſq.
William Sutton, eſq.
Edward Skegg, eſq.
William Smith, eſq.
James Smith, eſq.
Claude Scott, eſq.
Samuel Scott, eſq.
John Sancton, eſq.
Robert Seeaman, eſq.
Charles Stuart, eſq.
Thomas Savage, M. D.
Thomas Smith, eſq.
John Smith, eſq.
William George Sibley, eſq.
Mr. James Sharp
Mr. Abraham Shepherd
Mr. James Saunders
Mr. George Smith
Mr. Skelton
Mr. John Sewell
Mr. Walter Smith
Mr. Thomas Seddan
Mr. Silberrad
Mr. Thomas Speed
Mr. Joſ. Smeeton
Mr. William Smart
Mr. Stevens
Mr. David Steele
Mr. R. E. Spuring
Mr. Sudlow
Mr. Siſſmore
Mr. William Sym
George Seares, eſq.

T.

Moſt noble Marq. of Townſhend
Rt. hon. Lord Thurlow
Right hon. Lord Trimleſton
Sir Charles Talbot, bart.
Sir John Thorold, bart.
Sir Alexander Thomſon, knight, Baron of the Exchequer
Samuel Thornton, eſq. M.P.
Henry Thornton, eſq. M. P. Chairman of the Sierra Leone Company — the poor man's friend.——"They who turn many to righteouſneſs, ſhall ſhine as the ſtars for ever!"
Mrs. Godfrey Thornton, daughter of the late benevolent Stephen Peter Godin, eſq. of Southgate — a gentleman of great piety and ſuavity of manners.
Miſs Thornton
Robert John Thornton. M.D.
Rev. Arthur William Trollope, A. M. Upper Grammar-maſter of Chriſt's Hoſpital
John Travers, eſq.

Rev. William Martin Trinder, M. D.
Rev. Archer Thompſon, Evening Preacher at the Magdalen
John Trotter, eſq.
Charles Hanbury Tracy, eſq.
Stevens Totten, eſq.
William Turnbull, eſq.
Thomas Templeman, eſq.
John Turner, eſq.
Mr. Richard Turner
Mr. Henry Turner
Mr. Thomas Todd
Mr. Thomſon
Mr. William Taylor
Mr. Thomas Taylor
Mr. John Telford
Mr. Samuel Tomkins

V.

Right hon. Ch. Villiers, M.P.
Hon. George Villiers, M.P.
Rev. Dr. Vincent, Dean of Weſtminſter
Joſ. Fitzwilliam Vandercom, eſq.
William Vaſe, eſq.
Mrs. Vigne
Rev. Wm. Vidler—the catholic and worthy ſucceſſor in Artillery-Street Chapel, of the late eminent, eloquent preacher of the love of God to man, Elhanan Winchester—the powerful maintainer of the ſovereignty of Jeſus Christ over Satan and the kingdom of darkneſs—the ſavage Calvinist and hard-hearted Predeſtinarian
William Vaughan, eſq.
Miſs Vardill
Mr. Uſher
Mr. Langford Venner

W.

Right hon. Earl of Winchelſea
Rt. hon. Lord Viſ. Wentworth
Hon. and Right Rev. Lord Biſhop of Wincheſter
Right hon. Lord Walpole
Right hon. Lord Whitworth, Ambaſſador to the Republic of France
Right hon. Wm. Wickham
William Wilberforce, eſq. M.P.
Samuel Whitbread, eſq M. P.
Rev. Samuel Willard, D.D. Preſident of Havard College, Cambridge Univerſity, America
Benj. Weſt, eſq. Preſident of the Royal Academy
Raphael Lemar Weſt, eſq.
D. P. Watts, eſq.
John Wolfe. eſq.
—— Woodthorpe, eſq.
William Wood, eſq.
John Williams, eſq.
Edmund Wilcox, eſq.
Henry Whiting, eſq.
Daniel H. Wilſon, eſq.
John Watſon, eſq.
E. Warner, eſq.
J. Ward, eſq.
J. Winter, eſq.
S. Weddell, eſq.
John Waller, eſq.
Thomas Wallis, eſq.

Samuel Wright, eſq.
Charles Woodcock, eſq.
Mr. Joſeph Welch
Mr. Thomas Whitly
Mr. William Whately
Mr. James Wilde
Mr. Wakelin Welch
Mr. G. Welch
Mr. Richard Winſlow
Mr. Thomas Williams
Nicholas Waln—in his youth an eminent Barriſter, at Philadelphia, and for ſome years paſt as eminent a Preacher in the Society of Friends—a people ſimple, yet for the moſt part ſubtle
Rev. — Worthington, Morning Preacher in Hanover Chapel, Long Acre—one of the moſt ſolid, eloquent, and uſeful Preachers in London
Lieut. Edward Williams, of the Royal Navy
John Wright, eſq.
Thomas Whately, eſq.
William Wilcocks, eſq.
Dr. Wallis
Mr. Matthew Wigham
Mr. Samuel Walker
Mr. Hugh Watts
Mr. Nathaniel Wright
Mr. Richard Walker
Mr. Weatherall
Mr. Thomas Williams
Mr. Windus
Mr. William Warner
Mr. Thomas Webb

Y.

Right hon. Lord Yarborough
Joſeph Yallowley, eſq.

ERRATA.

PAGE	LINE	
16	13	For *sig*, read *sigh*.
17	3	For *flowing*, read *flow'ry*.
23	3	For *Moon*, read *Morn*.
ib.	7	For *Corinthian*, read *Carinthian*.
ib.	13	Dele the second *due*.
ib.	24	Between *shall* and *no* insert *be*.
24	20	For *on*, read *in*.
ib.	23	For *thy* read *my*.
27	4	For *Morn*, read *Moon*.
30	7	For *bright*, read *light*.
35	18	Dele the apostrophe.
53	3	For *drops quick meet*, read *drop quick meets*.
55	14	For *fearful*, read *tearful*.
67	6	For *fie*, read *fire*.
ib.	12	For *lenth'ning* read *length'ning*.
72	1	For *ryhme*, read *rhyme*.
87	21	For *Springs* read *Spring*.
110	9	For *smild'd*, read *smil'd*.
111	1	For *simplicitly*, read *simplicity*.
114	18	For *nigh* read *night*.
117	10	For *plain* read *plaint*.
122	1	For *there*, read *these*.
124	11	For *sair*, read *fair*.
ib.	15	For *weep*, read *wipe*.
161	1	For *precious*, read *precious*.
189	21	Dele the *apostrophe* over *lover's*.

[illegible]

[illegible] E S.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] ION.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] it

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] oul ;
[illegible] oul,
[illegible] e !
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] desire !

The

The Tempeſt howl'd; the forky light
Gilt with pale ray the ſhades of night,
The pealing thunder craſh'd!
From murder'd Duncan came Macbeth,
And to the ground, ſtill warm with death,
The bloody dagger daſh'd!

"Hell gapes to ſeize my ſoul," he cried,
"The Thund'rer aſks why Duncan died,
"Who pierc'd his beating heart?
"Who gave the thought, who urg'd the deed;
"Who bade his royal boſom bleed?"
Death ſpare thy vengeful dart!

'Twas a vain ſceptre led my hand,
The empty honour of command,
The dagger rais'd on high
Curſt be the day that gave me birth!
Hide me from God, O parent Earth,
From God's all-ſearching eye!

CONTENT.

In yonder vale, where verdure ſmiles,
The ſweeteſt ſpot in George's iſles,
Lives Dobſon, happy ſwain;
Who laughs at what is called renown,
And to the ſplendor of a crown
Prefers a ſack of grain. E'en

E'en while he fells the giant oak,
He finds a tune for ev'ry ſtroke,
'Tis only beating time;
And if 'tis bad, as ſome might ſay,
To be ſo merry all the day,
He's always in a crime.

Dame Dobſon, while ſhe ſits at home,
(For careful houſewives never roam)
Sings care itſelf away;
At grief for ever will deride,
Mocks at rich pomp and fooliſh pride,
And lives but to be gay.

" If haughty rank and hoarded wealth
" Are leſs than competence and health,
" 'Tis we're the lords of earth;
" For ale, we ne'er ſhall want a pot,
" And happineſs, (it loves a cot)
" Plays round our chearful hearth."

Find in the city's buſy crowd,
Among the witty and the proud,
A pair ſo highly bleſt;
If you produce them, I will ſwear,
Dame Dobſon never laughed at care,
And Gaffer knew no reſt.

LINES

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF ELIZA.

LAUGHING morn with ſparkling eye
Melts in radiance from the ſky,
While her head with brightneſs crown'd
Sheds a thouſand glories round.
Come, gentle May, by Flora fair,
And ev'ry ſylph that ſports in air,
Attended on thy ſmiling way;
Favonius, on thy breezy wing
Here waft the incenſe of the ſpring,
And on thy pinions play.

For in Britannia's raptur'd iſle,
See! new-born graces lovelier ſmile,
Freſh riſing ſplendour paints the morn,
The mild, the fair Eliza's born.
Soft as the brow of ſpring, whoſe top
Shakes with the dew's beſpangling drop,
So ſoftly ſhakes her flutt'ring hair;
While in its ſilken locks the Breeze
Entwining ſports in playful eaſe,
And courts the whiſp'ring Air.
Light as the perfum'd breath of morn,
Skims ſwiftly o'er the level lawn;

Light

Light as the ſwallow's wing can dip
The wat'ry ſurface, is her trip.
Sweet as the wild Eolian lyre,
Whoſe untaught ſong the Gales inſpire,
As ſoft they wake its trembling ſtring;
So ſweet ſhe warbling pours along
Her ſoul-exhilarating ſong
On Zephyr's dewy wing.

Thron'd are Expreſſion, Love, and Grace,
In the mild luſtre of her face;
And Heav'n, as tho' 'twould leave the ſky,
Shoots in the glances of her eye.
And ah! within that breaſt where Youth
Full oft' ſhall bring its vows of truth,
And Love ſigh out its votive pray'r;
Still Virtue fans her veſtal fire,
For there is all ſhe could deſire,
Or to deſire could dare!

LINES TO MISS S.... H....,

ON HER MARRIAGE.

WHEN from the billowy boſom of the main
The Queen of Love aroſe in all her charms;
Th' admiring ſea-nymphs woke the ſilver ſtrain,
And prais'd her damaſk cheek and iv'ry arms.

To

To you, fair maid, if aught my humble ſong
Avail the paſſage of thy heart to find;
Charms yet ſtill ſweeter than of love belong,
The mild, the heav'nly beauties of the mind.

And oh, if ſtormy Ocean could rejoice,
When Love beam'd ſmiling from the wat'ry gloom,
How muſt the youth, the part'ner of thy choice,
Enjoy the charms that in a H—— bloom.

Cordelia's ſenſe, Emilia's ſprightly wit,
Both in thy breaſt in one ſoft chain unite;
In thee, what moſt the modeſt maiden fit,
All that can win, and all that can delight.

Still, ſtill may Peace, with whom no cares intrude,
For ever cheriſh'd in thy boſom lie;
And lively Health, the riches of the good,
Bloom on thy cheek, and ſparkle in thine eye.

Not brighter treaſure can Golconda boaſt,
Nor high Peru with all her boſom'd ſtore:
With them, how ſweet, to buſy life when loſt,
And rich in *him you love*, to want no more!

PARODY

PARODY

ON DR. JOHNSON'S "HERMIT HOAR, &c."*

"GENTLE Lady, on whoſe cheek
"Modeſty's ſoft bluſhes play;
"Tell, O tell me where to ſeek
"Virtue, and her bliſsful way.

Thus I ſaid, and mournful ſigh'd
As I curs'd beguiling ſin;
When the gentle lady cried,
"*Come and treat us with some gin!*"

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A PARTICULAR FRIEND,

On his Birth-Day, Jan. 20, 1800.

WINTER o'er the ſpangled air
Scatters round his ſnow-drops fair,

* This is a ſpecies of writing imitated from the Italian, the laſt line of which is made to differ from the foregoing, and produce ſome ludicrous point from a ſeemingly grave ſubject.

While

While the ſharp Gales, as full of play,
Rude catch them on their dancing way
And caſt them at their early birth
On the hard boſom of the earth ;
Till, as lamenting to be driv'n
So early from their native heav'n,
Or torn by ſecret fears ;
Their mingled forms of lovely white
Sink ſlowly fading from the ſight,
And melt away in tears.

Thus ye cold thoughts from hence depart,
Dark-eyed Jealouſy, and Hate,
And freezing Diffidence, and loud Debate,
Melt on the glowing throbbings of my heart ;
For there my raptur'd fancy flies,
To fan the flame that Friendſhip taught to riſe.

Once more to grace the new-born year
On earth rolls round thy natal day ;
Yet gloomy winter frowns ſevere
As ſlow he plods his froſty way ;
But if in friendſhip's boſom fair
Lie Pleaſure, with Content and Peace,
The glooms that crowd the troubled air
But tend that pleaſure to increaſe.
So from earth's velvet couch, where gaily dreſt
In beauty wild the white-topt lily roſe,
Torn up to glitter on an Ethiop's breaſt,
Its bed of jet new graces will diſcloſe.

Then

Then, dreary Terrors, melt along the ſky,
And on ſweet Friendſhip's boſom gay diſperſe,
For thrilling Joy ſhall fear where cold ye lie,
As high above ſhe mounts on raptur'd verſe:

" Lov'd youth, for thee may Friendſhip ſmiling gay
" Deck with freſh flow'rs her rich enchanting way;
" Still may impurpling Health with dimple ſleek
" Live in the roſe that bluſhes on thy cheek:
" Still in the gentle luſtre of thine eye
" Soul-thrilling Joy with beam increaſing lie;
" While mild Content, with Innocence and Peace,
" Deſcend from heav'n to ſmile upon thy face,
" And o'er thy head bring freſh-born bleſſings down,
" That ev'ry wiſh, and ev'ry want ſhall crown!

A MORNING WALK AND VIEW.

FORTH let me walk along the green clad fields,
When on the morning looks the eaſtern ſun,
As from his wavy bed he riſes bright
And opes the gilded windows of the ſea.
High ſings the lively lark, as with his wing
Bruſhing the thin ſpread clouds he ſkims the air;
Along the grove, in harmony confus'd,

Chirp the ſoft feather'd ſongſters, whiſtling now
With long drawn note, and now with thrilling ſong
Vibrating on the air: another ſun
Reflected ſeems to burn within the ſtream
A ſky of glaſs; and all the ſcattered clouds
Deſcending, move in ſhadows, gliding ſoft
Around its dazzling face; the waters flame,
And o'er the golden light the burniſh'd waves
In ſweet confuſion glitt'ring dance along.
The weeping willow o'er the gaudy ſcene
Hangs its lorn head as tho' 'twould ſoothe its grief
With pleaſing contemplation; green as ſpring,
And ſilent as the rev'rence of an angel:
While on the adverſe bank the wand'ring boy
Views the bright image, and with hoſtile ſtone
Eſſays to break the beauteous orb; but, lo!
He ſees it brighten in the ſunny ray,
Wond'ring with vacant ſtare and open mouth,
Then plunging, ſink within th' unbroken light.

Nor heed the animal creation, rous'd
From tiring ſloth the lazy ſweets of ſleep,
From the warm ſhed, ſlow moving o'er the plain,
The herded cattle go; the timid cow,
The vig'rous heifer, pity-bleating calf,
Meek-eyeing ſheep, and primly-gazing ram.
Loud barks the guardian dog; the ſnorting ſteed

Snuffs

Snuffs the freſh air, and neighs along the vale.
Echo the circling hills: the luſty bull
Augments the pleaſing, univerſal noiſe
Of gladd'ning joy, and hoarſely lows around.
Nor is the ſcene beyond devoid of grace.
Far in the diſtant landſcape, dimly ſeen,
Daſhes in curling wreathes of hoary foam
The miſt-creating cataract: flow along
Thro' its full bed, in many a mazy way,
The winding river ſtrays, when ſoft reſtrain'd
Within its moſſy ſhores it onward moves
In limpid majeſty; but when convuls'd
With the big torrent of the April ſhow'r,
It burſts its rural priſon, and with ſweep,
Dreadful and ſwift, bounds o'er the vaniſh'd vale,
Glorious the floating ſcene! Each circled hill
Seems edg'd with quiv'ring lace, and all around
The hidden meadows, once ſo gaily green,
O'erlay'd with living ſilver; cloſe behind
In ſnug retreat the tufted cottage lifts
Its ſloping head, adorn'd with velvet moſs
And cloſely-creeping ivy, fawning round
The mantled wall in green ſervility.

High from the grove o'ertopt, the palace wide
Looks o'er the lawn, and proudly ſeems to lift
On weary pillars to the meeting ſky,

Its high arch'd roof, with ev'ry art adorn'd
That ſoft Italia, or the high-ſoul'd ſons
Of ſtrong Britannia boaſt; tho' ſtill, perhaps,
Within is pallid guilt and foul diſeaſe,
Heart ſhrivell'd Av'rice, Sorrow's woe-worn form,
And Death's hard-outlin'd ſhadow, ſpectre dread,
Call'd in by miſpent Wealth, or Diſſipation mad.

Yet loftier far, behind the maſſy pile,
Than human architect can raiſe, high heav'd
By nature's all creative hand, ſublime
Stands the huge mountain, with eternal green
Mantled profuſe, while to its ſpotted ſide,
The wool-white ſheep add ſweet variety;
As pleaſing to the diſtant view they ſeem
With ſpangles fair to deck its graſſy robe.

Laſt, o'er the dim horizon, ſtretching wide,
Bends the blue bow of heav'n, which He, who built
This rolling earth, o'er its huge ſurface threw,
A vaulting dome; with azure glowing deep
Painted the dazzling hollow; and where ſhade
Was oft required, threw, o'er the glorious whole,
The ſhadowing clouds, with pencil, he that ſhone
The ſtar of Italy, expreſſive Raphael,
The ſtrict Corregio, Titian's glowing hand,
Fus'li's gigantic fancy, or the fire
Of Britain's fav'rite Weſt, could ne'er eſſay

Faintly

Faintly to imitate.—Man, to the day,
Quick riſes, ſhaking from his nervous limbs
The Neſſian cloak of ſloth, unfit to drink,
In its abſorbing texture, the full tide
Of liquid health, that glows thro' all his veins,
Warms his bold heart, and revels in his cheek.

The ruſtic farmer haſtens o'er his fields;
And with directing hand the rural lord
Rules his attentive lab'rers; guides them now
To pluck the intruding tare, or ſcatt'ring throw
Into the well-plough'd furrows of the earth
The lib'ral grain; and now with ſmiling face,
When harveſt comes to crop the fruitful year,
Bids them prepare the ſickle ſounding harſh
Thro the diminiſh'd fields; or gradual build
The equal hay-rick; till the cone-topt pile,
Erected neat, gives quiet, eaſe, and peace,
To joying labour. In the plain beyond,
The humble ſhepherd, kneeling by the brook,
Dips his hard breakfaſt in the ſoft'ning ſtream,
Nor heeds the rough-clad goat, with rolling eye,
Viewing each wiſh'd-for mouthful, while he ſhares
Gen'rous with faithful Tray his ſcanty cruſt.
Or ſtretch'd in ſunſhine warm, his ſhading hand
Plac'd o'er his half-ſhut eyes, he views aſkance
The ſubject flock, ſome friſking o'er the field

In

In harmleſs ſport; ſome in the welcome beam
Baſking, devoid of care; while others preſt
With craving hunger, bend their woolly necks
To the green earth, and crop the verdant graſs.
Careleſs he whiſtles loud, nor wiſhes to be great.

On ſcenes like theſe, where Harmony and Peace
Walk hand in hand, for ever could I dwell,
From chryſtal morning to the jet-rob'd night.
Theſe are the themes that lift the grateful ſoul
To Heav'n and love; love, that exalts the mind
To mix its thoughts with God; Him, whom the ſun
Shines to obey, whoſe unſeen glories time
Flies to make known; with whom all place is preſence,
And ſpace immeaſurable, fulneſs; great,
And largely good, and infinite is He.

LINES

TO THE WHITE ROSE OF AMERICA.*

Ρόδον ὦ φέριστον ἄνθος
Ρόδον ἔμερος μέλημα,
Ροδα καὶ θεοῖσι τερπνά.

ANACH. Carmen V.

FAIR daughter of the morn, whoſe ſnowy top
Bends gently waving, to the paſſing breath

* Remarkable for having a very odorous ſcent, when the white roſe of England has none at all.

Of

Of frolic zephyrs, when along the grove
They chant their airy ſongs to welcome ſpring,
In ſeeming adoration; well, I ween,
Belov'd art thou by them, pleas'd when they ſee
Thy humble form breathe incenſe on their way,
To add new fragrance to the perfum'd air.
And well I love thee too, when thy fair head
Peeps thro' my cottage window, as to greet
Mine early riſe with cheering ſmiles, before
Thy ruby ſiſters; who, at my approach,
To hail the morn ſeem deeper yet each hour
To bluſh, that never with their ſnowy queen
They render'd duteous homage to their lord.

Not the bright ſun-flow'rs top of burniſh'd gold,
The yellow jonquil, vary-colour'd pink,
The purple paſſion-flow'r*, belov'd of Chriſtians,
Wet with the dewy tear of dying Sol,
The lily dreſs'd with innocence and grace,
The wild-born daiſy, and the violet blue,
Or the fair primroſe that at Spring's advance
Seems to grow pale, when from her "green lap thrown"
So many glitt'ring rivals riſe around;

* A remarkable and beautiful flower, at the bottom of whoſe cup is a perfect croſs, from whence it derives its name; this cup always drinks in a dewdrop at evening, which is found the next morning at the bottom of its hollow, when it opens its leaves which are ſhut during the night.

Not

Not the ſweet twining woodbine, hearts-eaſe rich
Purpl'd with gold-dropt velvet, or the fair,
But humble ſnow-drop beaming thro' the miſt
Like the big tear for lov'd Adonis ſlain,
Thro' the fring'd eye-lids of the Queen of Love.
Catch my admiring eye like thy pure flow'r,
Emblem of infant innocence, ſweet roſe.

Yet wilt thou die: pluck'd off by time's rude hand,
From thy green bed, thy lily leaf muſt fall;
Yet ſhall no gorgeous, pageant burial hide
With its dark ſhade thy drooping white that ſhews
No faults that need concealment; nor ſhall pomp
Unmeaning uſher thee to earth: one ſig
Alone, fair ſimple flow'r, ſhall breathe for thee;
And ſtooping o'er thy wither'd form, I'll preſs
My boſom with my hand, and mournful ſay,
" Spotleſs be thou, my heart: like this ſweet roſe
" May death o'ertake thee, innocent and pure;
" And, weeping for his loſs, one only friend
" For ever faithful, drop the ſilent tear
" O'er the ſad ſtone that hides mortality,
" And tells this ſacred truth:" " The ſon of man,
" Like the low ſhort-liv'd flow'ret of the field,
" Riſes to light and life; then fades, and dies!
" Great Arbiter of fate, thy will be done!"

CHRIST'S

CHRIST's HOSPITAL.

YE moſs clad turrets*, whoſe unſhaken brows
In antique pride o'erhang the cheerful ſcene
Of Windſor's flowing plains, where father Thame
With many a ſilver winding loves to deck
The gay expanſe that round his reedy bed
Luxuriant ſmiles, when Summer, glowing maid,
Throws o'er the verdant earth her robings green;
Ye groves of fair Oxonia, chequer'd bright
With Iſis' mazy ſtream, where ſcience lays
Her varied ſtores, and emulation high
Points to the bright'ning proſpects, fair diſclos'd,
Of wealth's full horn, and honour's gorgeous robe;
Ye marſhy dells, where ſedgy Camus, crown'd
With the ſad willow's melancholy ſhade,
Directs his dim-diſcover'd wave, or now
Burſting in ſilver beauty from beneath
His leafy covert, views with ſacred awe
The holy tow'rs† ariſe, that long have bow'd
In rev'rend beauty o'er the wa'try glade;
A long farewel I give you: other lays,
That tell not of your praiſe, yet better far
To tune my humble pipe, ſince mem'ry fond

* Eton college. † Univerſity of Cambridge.

And duteous gratitude, command the ſong,
Well pleas'd I chant ; ſuch lays as Thyrſis oft,
And ruſtic Corydon, with airy reed
Told to the liſt'ning cottagers, that round
The ſpreading beech, or ſtorm-defying oak,
Hung on the pleaſing numbers, wond'ring whence
Their hands ungentle could ſo deftly bring
The floating ſounds : for Collins, bard ſublime,
Hyblæan Pope, or Dryden's ſtately verſe,
They, ſimple ſons of nature, never heard
Among their native woodlands : poet ſweet,
And eke immortal, call'd they him, who erſt
Was hight the gentle Gay, trim ſonnetteer !
Ne'er other like him had they ſeen, nor thought
One, who could ſing ſo merrily, to view
In after-times.—Farewell, ye moſs-clad towr's,
Ye ſhady groves, ye dells begirt with ſedge !
The cloiſter ſolemn, and its penſive ſhades,
Command my humble ſong ; ſhades, than whoſe gloom
No light have I lov'd better, and to tread
Whoſe ſolemn walks my gayeſt hours I'd give.

Bleſt, honour'd guardian of my youthful days,
Sweet ſpot of innocence and joy, thy ſeats
Abſence ſtill happier pictures to my mind,
And, like a painter ſkill'd, Raphael divine,
Correct-ey'd Vinci, Angelo ſublime,
Or Britain's boaſted Weſt, each pleaſing form

Her

Her pencil raiſes, tints with brighter colours,
And throws each dark and gloomy thought behind
Into concealing ſhade. Delighted once,
As oft myſelf would mix within the rear,
I view'd thy happy youth with eager lips
Quaff from its fount the pure Pierian ſpring,
Which He * (whom fair Apollo, wiſely kind,
Gave to unlock, and from the deep receſs
Pour forth the magic ſtream) with lib'ral hand
Shed round the buſy throng, that each, as will
Or emulation urg'd, or burning ſhame
For deeds before inglorious, might receive
The ſtore divided as it flow'd along.
Theirs was the claſſic wealth, and rich it was,
Of long antiquity, that to the world
Many a dying age had wiſe bequeath'd.
Witneſs, ye ſhady ſeats, where wond'rous Thame
Shakes from his rev'rend form the manly beard
And nerve-ſtrung arm, and leg of ſtately walk,
And gliding ſoft along, with flowing air,
And eyes of tender light, ſoft ſwelling breaſt,
And waxen arm, and thigh of taper grace,
Calls himſelf Iſis, Naiad of the wave;
And, ye, where lagging Cam draws weary on
His ſluggiſh ſtream, in reedy liv'ry dreſs'd:

* Rev. A. W. T. A. M. preſent upper grammar-maſter of Chriſt's hoſpital.

For oft has learning, at her hallow'd ſhrine,
Beneath your venerable roofs beſtow'd
The victor laurel on the youthful heads
That once adorn'd the ſacred cloiſter'd walks,
That ſaw my early days paſs quiet on,
Bleſs'd with pure innocence and meekeſt peace.
Nor would the Muſe, pleas'd with its mild retreats,
Scorn in thy ſchool to prune her drooping wing:
For ſhe, long time, has lov'd the vaulted arch,
The gothic window, and the ruin'd pile
Antique; there, favour'd, has her quiet haunt
Stood undiſturb'd, ſave by the youthful bards
That with ſuch praiſe maintain the Grecian name
And eke Græculian*, when, in humble guiſe,
They aſk a ſong; nor has ſhe e'er refus'd
To grant the ſmall requeſt: for what, indeed,
Could ſhe not ſing, beneath whoſe ſkilful hand
Bold Dyer and the plaintive Coleridge grew,
Children of poeſy?—Nay, oft ſhe ſtrikes
To higher notes her varying lyre, until
She ſinks, tho' glorious. So the ſetting ſun,
When evening calls him to her weſtern couch,
Drops in his purpl'd bed of waves, yet dreſs'd
More rich and glowing than when firſt he rears
His "unſhorn head" from op'ning ſtreams of light.

* The three ſenior ſcholars of the grammar-ſchool are called Grecians, and the claſs next to them, Deputy Grecians.

Britannia,

Britannia, hail! Great in its power and ſtrength,
Its naval bulwarks, that ſo proudly ſtand
The many iron tempeſts pour'd around
By the fierce Gaul, ſtern with his liberty,
Thy favour'd iſle ſhall flouriſh in the page
Of never-dying fame, while earth looks gay
With garment green, or hoary ocean heaves
The bellying waters of the main. Nor leaſt
Of all thy ſons that brave the ſtormy ſea,
A well-fought field, do'ſt thou in duty owe
Thanks to the noble youth, the ſons of courage,
Of this fam'd ſchool, who early learnt to glow
With patriot zeal to ſee Britannia's hand
Planting on diſtant ſhores her flag, unfurl'd
To the freſh gale of briſk proſperity,
Or wreathing for herſelf a brighter crown
Than has been worn long time, the eaſy cap
Of ancient freedom, that, which early Greece,
Imperial Rome, and Gallia's ſtretch'd out arm,
Have try'd to graſp, the richeſt prize on earth!
Saw thou not, Neptune, when thy wat'ry reign
Echo'd with Britiſh thunder, and the fire
Of gaping cannon flam'd along the ſhore
Of frighted Nile, when Nelſon, fearful name,
Bore on the wings of victory and death
Old Albion's purple ſtandard; ſaw thou not,
Where eager Troubridge curs'd relentleſs fate,
That from the glorious path of ſought renown

Puſh'd

Puſh'd him aſide; O, ſaw thou not the fire
Flaſh from his ardent eyes, when fierce he knew
For him the thunder of the battle hot
Roar'd not in proud ſublimity; nor death
Hung on the purpl'd ſplendor of the ſword?
Turn from thy roaring empire, and thine eye
Fix on Auguſta's ſpiry ſeats: 'twas there,
In cloiſters *dreary, and the winding aiſle
He cheriſh'd dauntleſs brav'ry; there his heart,
Manly in youth, ſurvey'd with eager ſoul
The glorious proſpects of immortal fame,
When daring conflict ſhould uſurp the main,
And Heav'n and Troubridge win the wat'ry field!

Nor yet, fair child of Induſtry, ſweet Commerce,
Forget to think, how many of the ſons
Of theſe belov'd and unreproved ſeats
Here firſt, tho' far from all thy buſy ſcenes,
Have vow'd to live for thee, and to forſake
Their native home, to ſeek thy lively form
In diſtant climates; ſouthward, where the ſun
With ſcorching beam direct, the ſultry air
Strikes thro', till, darting on the ſcorch'd domain,
It leaves the wither'd herb and drooping flow'r
Not one ſad dew-drop for a tear to mourn
Its dying beauty, once ſo gaily green:

* Chriſt's hoſpital, where the hero of the Culloden was bred.

Or,

Or, higher northward, where with garment white
Of everlaſting froſt cold Nature clads
Her hidden form, and melancholy Moon
Views in a thouſand icicles of glaſs
(That fancy, ever gay, delights to hang
In many an uncouth form upon the cot
Of the rude Ruſſian or Corinthian boor)
Her ſadden'd face; and ſoon as tir'd to ſee
Her mournful looks, ſinks down again to reſt,
And gives the gloomy hours to night and darkneſs.

Such are thy youth, ſweet ſpot! Thy children ſuch
That tread thy walks, now ſilent when the hour
Demands the tribute of attention due, due
To all the rare-felt intellectual ſweets
Of various learning; now again, when Sport
With haſty hand unlocks the yielding door,
Clam'rous with ſhouts of joy, and playful innocence!

Let Italy's ſoft ſons their ſcience boaſt,
Soul charming muſic, or the buſkin'd muſe,
Unequalled pencil, raiſing life and thought,
And animated Sculpture; Love itſelf
That ſeems to breathe, tho' with a marble breaſt
Silent and cold as Death: yet ſtill, perhaps,
When Italy ſhall no more, now torn
From Superſtition's ſway to Gallia's hand,

Which

Which with the ſcythe of War has mow'd to earth
Nations and ſtates at once, a bloody harveſt!
Like the ſtrong pois'nous wind that boiſt'rous ſweeps
O'er the lorn ſands of Araby, and brings
Death, clad in his moſt hideous ſhape, his front
O'erſpread with whirlwinds black, who murd'rous ſpares
Nor the fierce beaſt, nor man's diviner form:
Yes; when that Italy ſhall be no more,
Thy fame, ſweet manſion, ſtill ſhall flouriſh wide
Like the ſtrong oak, whoſe vaſſal trees fall round,
Torn up by warring elements; ſtill ſee
Whole realms fall off, and empires die away;
And yet ſhall live to ſee thy noble ſons
Encreaſe in honour when alive, and fame
Still nobler after life. So the ſweet roſe,
Od'rous in death, breathes fragrance to the air,
And wafts its incenſe on the wings of Eve.

Farewel, ye happy ſeats of peace and joy,
Where ruddy health glows on each blooming cheek,
And innocence looks modeſt on each eye!
Farewel! And may the dews of Heaven diſtil
Their richeſt drops upon thy honour'd roofs;
To whoſe gay tops once more thy ſtraining eyes
Seem as compell'd to turn to bid the youth,
Who, with the ſoothing voice of friendſhip cheer'd
The morning of my life, adieu! Yet ſhort,

Swift

Swift Time, be all our abſence! Quick again
I turn my doubtful footſteps, and this pray'r
Fervent I breathe to Heav'n:—" All pow'rful God,
" O Give thoſe walks for ever to be trod
" By thoſe who love thy name; nor throw between
" The cup of pleaſure and the eager lips
" Of the gay youths that learnt with me to bow
" Before thy throne as yet unſeen, one ill
" To taint with bitterneſs the pleaſing draught
" That Peace holds out; and hallow'd be thy Name!"

REMEMBERED FRIENDSHIP.

O how delightful was it once to ſit
And talk away the hours, my friend belov'd
Beneath the lamp's dull flame, that palely ſhed
Its feeble light along the cloiſter'd walks,
Where oft we'd ramble! o'er our youthful heads
The gloomy arch, that favour'd converſe ſweet
Of whiſper'd vows of friendſhip, heav'd on high
Its maſſy vault, along whoſe time-worn roof
Soft murmurs ran of breathing conſtancy.
While on my ſhoulder hung thy eaſy hand
Beyond thy boſom, not a ſingle thought

That flutter'd from my breaſt, unheeding ſtray'd:
Fix'd, and for ever, was my ſoul in thee!
And wrapt in meditation as I ſat,
My beating heart ſeem'd as it would riſe up,
Burſt the thin cryſtal curtain of the tear
That quiver'd on mine eye-lid, and with bound
Of warm affection ruſh to mix with thine!
O ſweet, romantic lux'ry! Thee the ſons
Of ſordid Av'rice, barring out with gold
From their heart's avenue, the wand'ring ſteps
Of pilgrim Friendſhip; thee, the giddy throng
That heedleſs plunge into the cloying ſweets
Of rich feſtivity, or wanton baſk
In the hot ſunſhine of unnerving pleaſure,
Have never known; or had they taſted once
Thy cup nectarean, Av'rice had unlock'd
His very hoard, and pour'd it in the breaſt
Of that affection which would more repay
His lib'ral hand; and the loud raſh cabal
Of feſtive Riot, or thoſe fearful joys
Whoſe very taſte is death, had left with tears
Of rapture and repentance ſweetly mixt
The rich repaſt and the ſoft wanton bed
To claſp fair Friendſhip to their beating breaſts,
And tell her, while each boſom's ardent pant
Seem'd lab'ring to give paſſage to the ſoul,
How pure, but how unſpeakable, their bliſs!

O when

O when at ev'ning oft along the walks
Where Twilight caſt his ſhadow broad and cool,
We joy'd to rove, while o'er each other's neck
We threw our careleſs arm, how ſweet the morn
Pour'd on the earth her pale but mellow light,
Chequer'd with dancing ſhades, that from the leaves
Of the o'er-waving tree, fell on her beam.
If chance the mournful mildly-breathing flute
Stole on the liſt'ning air, like the low voice
Of fair Endymion, when on the mount
Of graſſy Ida, with the ſong of love
He welcomes early Dian from the ſky;
The ſoothing ſounds ſeem'd ſoft, as gently ſoft,
As the attuning of our ſouls, and then
We ſtood wrapt up in them, our eager eyes
Fix'd on the vacant air, as tho' to ſeek
Whence roſe the ſweet, the pleaſing melody.
Or if the viol, with its full briſk note,
Tripp'd gaily on the whiſper-ſighing breeze,
It ſeem'd as tho' the Dryads of the wood
Had call'd the creſcent Goddeſs to the chaſe
With merry hunting ſong; or ſmiling Pan
Had gather'd round him in his rural bow'r
With reedy pipe, the laughter-loving fawns,
The rough-cloth'd ſylvans, and the wood-nymphs wild
That haunt the ſhady grove, or rudely ſport
In the embow'ring foreſt, leaping round

The waving trees in many an uncouth dance.
O then our hearts went tripping with the ſound;
And had light Ariel, ſpirit of the ſky,
Haply been there, it ſeem'd as tho' our ſouls
Had on his ſilken wings pierc'd the thin air,
Crept with him in the cowſlip's yellow bell,
Or hung beneath the bloſſom on the bough,
To find the ſweet exhilarating ſtrains.

And now, when Ev'ning to the ebon Night,
(Ebon, or haply, if along the ſky
The bright'ning moon with broad effulgent ray
Gleams thro' the hov'ring ſhade that o'er the earth
Hangs dew diſtilling, fairer and ſerene)
Gives up her peaceful reign, in the ſmooth bed
Of grateful reſt we dropt our wearied limbs.
Yet for a while, before the gentle ſweets
Of ſleep had clos'd our eyes, how oft we lay
Admiring thro' the caſement open'd wide
The ſpangled glories of the ſky, whoſe face,
Like the broad tail of Juno's ſtately bird,
Purpled with eyes, ſpread glorious to our view.
While from behind the ſilver-boſom'd clouds,
Scatter'd around like ſwelling flakes of ſnow,
At intervals fair Luna burſting forth,
Pour'd ſplendour round: ſo from the lawleſs bed
Of wanton Paris, when the laughing morn

Melted

Melted in ſtreaming radiance from the ſky,
Roſe matchleſs Helen, beaming bluſhing grace
And love reſiſtleſs on the riſing day:
So Cytherea from the frothy wave
Roſe in luxuriant beauty, when the hours
Beheld her birth, and Zephyr's gentle gale
With the rich perfume of the breathing Spring,
Wafted the beauteous Goddeſs to the ſhore
Of her lov'd Cyprus, while the circling nymphs
That rule the waters of the hoary deep,
Preſs'd on the billowy boſom of the ſea
Around her floating chariot, and with ſhouts
Of gladdening triumph bade old Triton ſwell
His echoing chonc, and wake all nature round.

'Twas then we rais'd our ſacred thoughts to heav'n,
Bleſſing its holy works, and calling down
The dew of bliſs upon each other's head;
While o'er our eyelids Sleep, with hand unſeen,
Slowly drew on his "gradual duſky veil,"
And round our pillow threw a thouſand ſweets
That tempt ſoft ſlumber, or with odour mild
Soothe hard Fatigue; our waking ſouls, meantime,
Dreamt of our cloiſtered walks, and many a tale
Told underneath the gothic arch antique,
In humming whiſper, or the chearful laugh
Sent back by Echo from the diſtant aiſle.

Friendſhip

Friendſhip would never leave us; from the hour
Silent and ſolemn, when the ſetting ſun
Robes in rich purple all the weſtern ſky,
To the gay ſmiling reign of dewy morn,
Beaming with orient brightneſs, and again
From lively morn to that ſtill freſh'ning hour,
When Eve's bright breezes fan the tepid air,
And Sol once more ſinks in his glowing bed.
Congenial ſouls, ſoft harmony, rich peace,
And pleaſure, mixt with innocence and eaſe,
Were all our own; they rul'd the fleeting hour,
Beam'd in each eye, and in each boſom thrill'd.

RETIREMENT,

OR THE GOLDEN MEAN.

Eſt modus in rebus, ſunt certi denique. fines;
Quos ultra, citraq. nequit conſiſtere rectum.
HOR. Sat. I.

Auream quiſquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti; caret invidenda
Sobrius aula. HOR. Od. X. Lib. I.

RETIREMENT, ſoother of the wo-worn breaſt,
By all the good and all the great careſs'd;

Thy

Thy ſhady groves, thy fields of lively green,
Where Contemplation bends her brow ſerene;
Thy rippling ſtreams that ſilver o'er the plain,
The mild, the peaceful pleaſures of thy reign,
Invite the ſong, be preſent at my lay,
And let me chant along thy velvet way.

How bleſt the mortal far from gorgeous care,
The tort'ring badge that Vice and Envy wear;
Far from the rank that elevates mankind,
To ſhew their eyes the good they left behind:
As from the Alps the trav'ler tott'ring flow,
Bends o'er his native fields that ſmile below;
And while the ſtorm oft pauſes o'er the plain,
Aſks back his cottage and his crook in vain!
He cares not where Ambition's maniacs rave,
No royal flatt'rer, and no titled ſlave;
But ſpurns behind him, as to light he ſprings,
The pomp of Courtiers, and the pride of Kings.

Nor ſinks his manly ſoul to ruder joys,
That love the vulgar, vanity and noiſe.
Pleaſures like theſe, that bubble and are dead,
Fly from his peaceful walks and placid head;
That noble breaſt where ſenſe and honour reign,
Diſgrace and Folly toil to blot in vain.

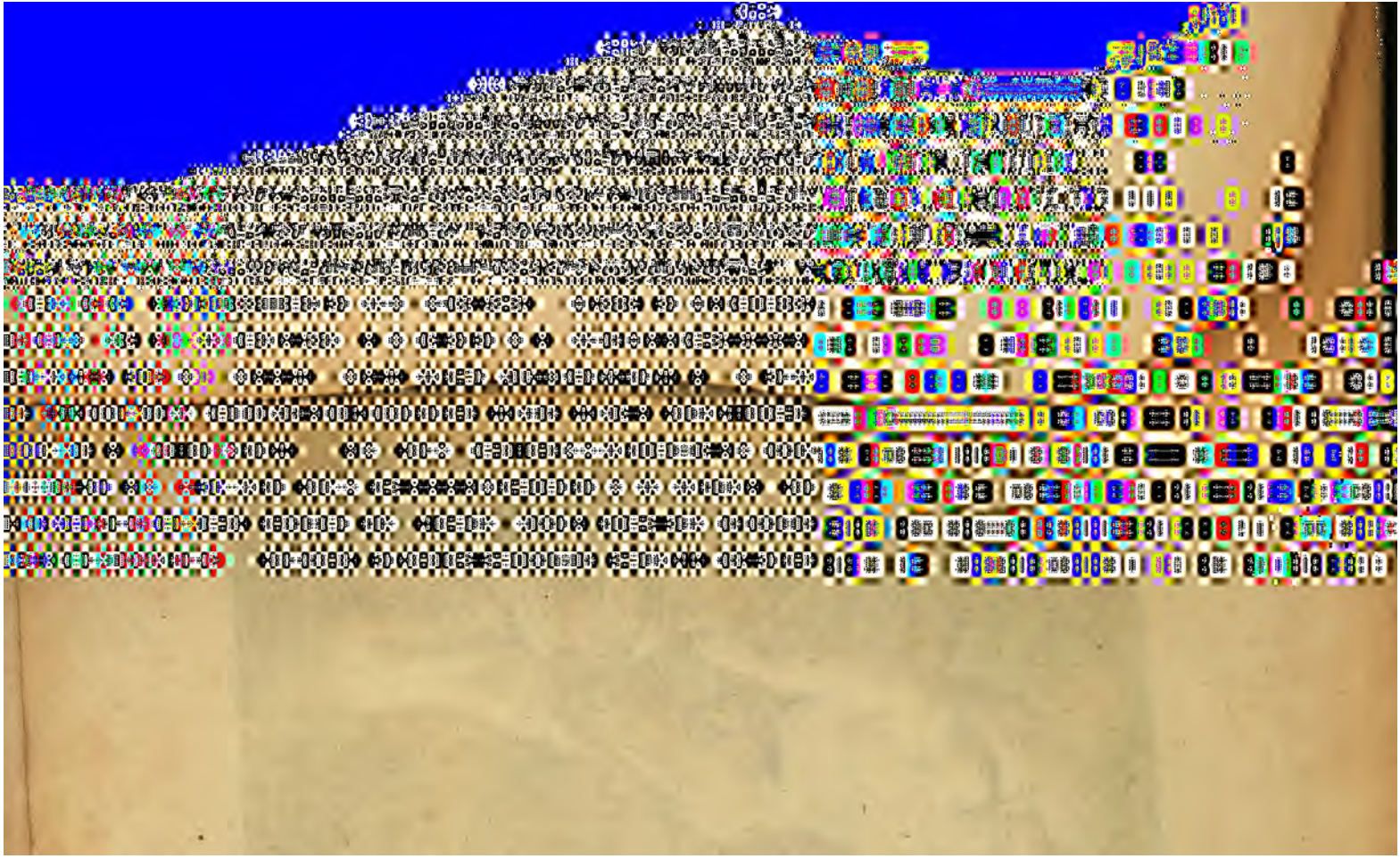
Thus

Thus the ſoft breeze, like ſome forgotten dream,
Sighs o'er the oil that ſmooths the ruffled ſtream;
Yet flits unheeded o'er the wat'ry glaſs,
Nor breathes impreſſion on its cryſtal face.

This is the Man, this, this Creation's Lord
Whom all muſt envy, yet whom all applaud!
This is the Man, "who," crouds admiring cry,
"Has learnt to live, and trembles not to die!
"Who wiſely ſteer'd, where no loud tempeſts roar,
"No rocks tremendous threaten from the ſhore;
"But kept life's middle ſtream, whoſe waters paſt,
"Death frowns no more, and Heav'n is man's at laſt!"

Ye purpled wretches, crown'd with vice and ſhame,
Wretches, whoſe all is vanity and name;
Ye ſcept'red Neros, pageants of an hour,
Whoſe god is Mammon, and whoſe idol Pow'r;
Say, can your boſoms ſmooth Contentment know,
With Peace be gentle, or with Virtue glow?
Can hot Intemp'rance cool your boiling veins,
And yield to Virtue Reaſon's trampell'd reins?
Can ſhrivell'd Av'rice ſmooth the brow of Care,
Or pois'nous Envy antidote Deſpair?
Can mad Ambition, pow'rs unfetter'd luſt,
Bid you be ſtill, and tell you, ye are duſt?

Go!



Go! ſearch your treaſures, mark the envious glance,
The hectic glow of Riot's revell'd dance;
Exalt your heads, where high Ambition ſhrouds
His arm in thunders, and his eye in clouds;
And is it there Peace hides her hermit head,
Woes are no more, and human wiſhes dead?
Say, Wilmot,* firſt at Pleaſure's painted goal;
Say, royal Richmond,† with thy ſhrivell'd ſoul;
Tell, ſtern Eliza,‡ thou whoſe vengeance dread,
Fell Envy pour'd on ſad Maria's head;
Tell, high-brow'd Wolſey, ſon of ſplendid Care,
Thou caſtle, built of vanity and air;
Say, ſleeps Repoſe, where Conſcience finds no reſt?
Does bliſs enrapture in the guilty breaſt?

While kings and nobles ſhare the thorns of Woe,
Some ſtill are ſcatter'd on the crouds below.
See thro' the mob, where Vice triumphant rules,
And vacant Ign'rance ſtares among her fools;
See Diſcontent her mutt'ring lips conceal!
And loud Contention threat the public weal!
See Filth diſguſting wallow in her mire,
And Noiſe and Riot light eternal fire!
And, ah! let Pity turn her dewy eyes,
Where gaſping Penury unfriended lies;

* Wilmot, Earl of Rocheſter. † Henry VII.
‡ Queen Elizabeth.

Where wild-eyed Hunger bows her fainting head,
And Sickneſs ſwoons upon her tatter'd bed!
There no mild hand uprears the drooping form,
No meek Benevolence averts the ſtorm!
Soft pillow'd Eaſe, that ſlumbers off the day,
And haughty Grandeur turn in ſcorn away;
Till he, whom Fortune never call'd her own,
Sinks in the ſilent grave, unpitied and unknown!

O let me drop from ſcenes ſo full of care,
Rank's gilded wrinkles, and the Pauper's tear;
O let me drop, Retirement, to thy ſhades,
Thy bubbling runnels, and thy ſilent glades;
Thy fields, where Chearfulneſs diſports the day;
Thy groves, where penſive ſilence loves to ſtray;
Thy level lawns, each paſture and each plain,
And all the beauties of thy woodland reign!

With theſe, ſufficiency, content, and health,
I ſcorn alike nobility and wealth;
Pomp and parade, like vengeful furies, fly,
And up no heights ambitious lift mine eye.
Religion only, as it only ſhould,
Will make me noble, when it makes me good;
Rich in her ſmiles, I glory to be man,
And life's no more a ſhadow and a ſpan.

How

How ſweet to riſe, when Morn's refulgent hand
Waves o'er the bright'ning ſky her magic wand;
How ſweet to riſe, with manly Temp'rance ſtrong,
And hear the Lark begin his quaver'd ſong;
To view Creation ſmiling as ſhe glows,
And ſee freſh Nature waken from repoſe!
Boaſt ye, ye ſons of Opulence and Pow'r,
Boaſt ye, 'midſt all your treaſures, ſuch an hour?
Can pallid Sloth deſert her downy reſt,
Or panting Aſthma lift th' unweildy breaſt?
Does nightly Revel ſpring to hail the ſky,
Or Riot wake with Animation's eye?

And, ah! when Ev'nings "gradual duſky veil"
Buoys its dark texture on the ſoften'd gale,
How lov'd yon arbour, where the honied flow'rs
Bloom on the air, and ſcent the floating hours!
There, when bright Titan ſinks behind the hill,
And his laſt colour's paint the village rill;
How joys the eye, attentive to the ſkies,
To ſtep down ſlowly as he ſlowly dies;
While ſtreams of ſplendour roll along the weſt,
And mark the limits of his purple reſt!
So ſinks the man, whoſe conſcience Heav'n approves,
Whom Angels venerate, and Virtue loves.
Lamenting Honour weeps upon his hearſe,
And carves in gold the monumental verſe;

While Glory beams o'er Death's retiring gloom,
And, with unfading ſplendor, crowns his tomb!

Thus paſs his days, delightful and ſerene;
Thus lives the man, who gains the Golden Mean.
He ſhuns alike ambitious ſtorms of ſtrife,
And flies the noiſy walks of vulgar life;
And, as Creation boaſts her greeneſt birth,
Where the mild zone enclaſps the ſmiling earth:
Far from the North, and all its winters drear,
And where no ſouthern ſummers ſcorch the year;
Thus joys his ſoul, thus ſmiles upon the day,
Where life's ſoft medium gilds his flow'ry way;
Where Pleaſure, pure as Heav'n itſelf that ſent,
And Solitude ſit dimpled with content;
Where Peace is pomp, Humility a king,
And Nature boaſts one unrevolving ſpring.

TRANSLATIONS.

TRANSLATIONS.

ANACREON. OD. XIX.

THE tippling earth drinks up the dew,
The trees, O tippling earth drink you:
Neptune drinks air at ev'ry motion,
And Sol drinks Neptune like a potion;
Till madam Luna, for a light,
Drinks up old Sol himſelf at night!
Why then d'ye hinder me from drinking,
When Heav'n itſelf's my way of thinking?

ORIGINAL. OD. XIX.

Η γῆ μέλαινα πίνει,
Πίνει δὲ δένδρε̃ αὐτὴν,
Πίνει θάλασσα δ'ἀυρας,
Ο δ' Η'λιος θαλασσαν,
Τὸν δ'Η'λιον Σελήνη.
Τί μοι μάχεσθ', ἑταῖροι,
Κ'αυτῶ θέλοντι πίνειν.

TRANSLATION

TRANSLATION

OF THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

FAIN would I wake to life a nobler ſtring,
And Cadmus bold, and each Atrides ſing;
But as my fingers ſweep the ſounding lyre,
The Loves alone the alter'd chords inſpire!

I chang'd the ſtubborn harp; and to rehearſe
Alcides' toils, eſſay'd the Epic verſe:
Still, as my fingers ſweep the ſounding lyre,
The laughing Loves the alter'd chords inſpire!

Ah then adieu, ye heroes! to our ſong,
No themes ſo lofty, and ſo loud belong;
For, as my fingers ſweep the warbling lyre,
The Loves alone the tender chords inſpire!

ORIGINAL.

Εἰς λύραν.

Θέλω λέγειν Ατρείδας,
Θέλω δὲ Κάδμον ᾄδειν·
Ἡ βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς
Ἔρωτα μοῦνον ἠχεῖ·

Ἤμειψα νῆρα πρώτην
Καὶ τὴν λύρην ἄπασαν·
Κ᾽γὼ μὲν ἥδον ἄθλως
Ηρακλέης, λύρη δὲ
Ἔρωτας ἀντεφώνει.
Χαίροιτε λοιπὸν ἡμῖν,
Ἥρωες, ἡ λύρη γὰρ
Μόνως ἔρωτας ᾄδει.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE'S ODE,

" SEPTIMI GADES," &c. Lib. ii. Od. vi.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

Ah lov'd companion of my future way
To Cadiz rich, or Biſcay's free-born ſhore,
Or the dread Syrtes, where with turbid play,
The waters wild in boiling volumes roar;

O may fair Tivoli, whoſe peaceful breaſt
Bleſt Argos lov'd, the labour of its years,
Give to my ſilver age its promis'd reſt,
Soothe all its toils, and wipe away its tears!

If fate, unjuſt, my eager ſteps withhold,
Quick let me turn, where thro' the flow'ry plain,
Galeſus, lov'd by all the wool-clad fold,
Guides his mild wave; Phalantus' rural reign!

To me far lovelier than each circling ſhore,
That ſmiling ſpot ſalutes my raviſh'd eyes!
There ſweet Hymettus brings her honied ſtore,
And rich Venafrum ſees her olive riſe!

There verdant Spring ſits ſmiling on the year,
And ſoften'd Winter ſmoothes his icy frown;
Nor envies Aulon, with his vineyards fair,
The purple groves that gay Falernum crown!

Theſe happy fields, theſe happy hills, once more
Call us away, and catch the raptur'd eye!
Here on your poet's aſhes ſhall you pour
Friendſhip's warm tear, and Pity's plaintive ſigh!

ORIGINAL.

ORIGINAL.

AD SEPTIMIUM.

SEPTIMI Gades aditure mecum, et
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre noſtra, et
Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura ſemper
Æſtuat unda;

Tibur Argeo poſitum colono
Sit meæ ſedes utinam ſenectæ;
Sit modus laſſo maris, et viarum,
Militiæ que

Unde ſi Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galeſi
Flumen, et regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalanto.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet; ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedent, viridique certat
Bacca Venafro.

Ver ubi longum, tepidaſque præbet
Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
Fertilis Baccho minimum Falernis
Invidet uvis.

Ille te mecum locus, et beatæ
Poſtulant Arces: ibi tu calentem
Debita ſparges lacryma favillam
Vatis amici.

PARAPHRASE
OF
HORACE'S ODE "INTEGER VITÆ," &c.*

THE man, my friend, that in his breaſt
With ev'ry purer virtue's bleſt,
Safe in his own approving heart
Needs not the Moor's protecting dart,
Nor ſeeks to bend againſt the foe
With nervous arm the pliant bow,
Nor o'er his neck throws, proudly great,
The quiver big with pois'nous fate.

Whether on Afric's deſert coaſt,
Mid burning ſands his ſteps are loſt;
Or where Caucaſian rocks on high
Lift their proud ſummits to the ſky,

* Prize Tranſlation in the Monthly Preceptor.

Heap'd

Heap'd with inhoſpitable ſnow
Pale gleaming o'er the plains below,
Or where the ſtreams romantic glide
Of ſoft Hydaſpe's ſilver tide.

For, as along the Sabine grove
I ſung the beauties of my love,
And free from care, too diſtant ſtray'd
Within its dark embow'ring ſhade;
The prowling wolf, with blood-ſhot eye,
Unarm'd beheld me wand'ring nigh;
And, while I ſhook in ſilent dread,
With howls the rav'ning monſter fled!

Such, the grim terror of the wood,
Ne'er learnt to lap the trav'ller's blood,
Or from the panting victim tore
The quiv'ring limbs with ſtifled roar,
Where Daunia's ſpreading oaks ariſe
In rugged grandeur to the ſkies;
Or where the Mooriſh lion ſtalks
With monarch pride his arid walks.

O lay me, where Sol's gayeſt child,
Refulgent Summer, never ſmil'd;
Nor Zephyr's mild refreſhing breeze
Fann'd the rich foliage of the trees;

Where

Where ev'ry black portentous cloud
And all the foggy vapours croud,
When angry Jove in noxious air
Extends his arm for vengeance bare;

O lay me, where Sol driving high
Flames wide along the ſultry ſky,
No roof, beneath his parching ray,
To ſoothe the pilgrim's weary way;
Yet, yet will I, nor aſk for more,
My lovely Lalage adore;
Her, who each love wing'd hour beguiles,
As ſoft ſhe ſpeaks, and ſweet ſhe ſmiles!

ORIGINAL.

INTEGER Vitæ, ſceleris que purus
Non egit Mauri jaculis nec arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ ſagittis,
Phuſce, pharetrâ;

Sive per Syrtes iter æſtuoſas,
Sive facturus per inhoſpitalem
Caucaſum, vel quæ loca fabuloſus
Lambit Hydaſpes.

Namque

Namque me ſylvâ lupus in Sabinâ
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus
Fugit inermem.

Quàle portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit eſculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtivâ recreatur aurâ;
Quod latus mundi nebulæ maluſque
Jupiter urget:

Pone ſub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terrâ domibus negatâ;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

SONNET.

TO SENSIBILITY.

SISTER of Love, thro' yon deſerted grove
That warbleſt ſweet thy lorn, romantic tale,
Or by the mould'ring abbey lov'ſt to rove,
And aſk the pity of the ſighing gale:

To thee, ſoft pow'r, the gently-throbbing breaſt,
And am'rous glance, and love-lorn lay belong;
To thee, the vow to Love and her confeſt,
Whoſe name ſo oft has grac'd her Henry's ſong!

And O, let ev'ry fonder thought ſhe knows,
With gayeſt hope on this bleſt boſom dwell,
Where ſtill with veſtal fire affection glows,
Still boaſts her trueſt, tendereſt tale to tell!
O let her bid the rapt'rous hour awake,
When Time ſhall envy bonds he cannot break!

SONNET.

ON THE SICKNESS OF ELIZA.

Low on the bed of ſickneſs, pale and weak,
Ah, Pity! ſee the ſoft Eliza lie,
While ſtill Conſumption o'er her mournful cheek
Trails his lank form, and ſaddens in her eye.

So twining hideous thro' the roſe-bed fair,
The long, lean lizard, drags his ſlimy way;
While on the boſom of the pitying air,
It breathes the dying fragrance of decay.

Thoſe beauteous lips, where health impurpled bright,
Thoſe lips, where melody in nectar hung,
Thoſe lips, how fade they from the raviſh'd ſight,
Pale the warm glow, and huſh'd the warbling tongue;
Ah, when again ſhall wake their gentle ſong,
That charm'd this ear, and thrill'd this heart ſo long!

THE

THE NEGRO BOY,

A BALLAD.

Paupertas onus visa est grave.

COLD blows the wind, and while the tear
Burſts trembling from my ſwollen eyes,
The rain's big drops quick meet it there,
And on my naked boſom flies!
O pity, all ye ſons of Joy,
The little wand'ring Negro-boy.

Theſe tatter'd clothes, this ice-cold breaſt
By Winter harden'd into ſteel,
Theſe eyes, that know not ſoothing reſt,
But ſpeak the half of what I feel!
Long, long, I never new one joy,
The little wand'ring Negro-boy!

Cannot the ſigh of early grief
Move but one charitable mind?
Cannot one hand afford relief?
One Chriſtian pity, and be kind?
Weep, weep, for thine was never joy,
O little wand'ring Negro-boy!

Is

Is there a good which men call Pleaſure?
O Ozmyn, would that it were thine!
Give me this only precious treaſure;
How it would ſoften grief like mine!
Then Ozmyn might be call'd, with joy,
The little wand'ring Negro-boy!

My limbs theſe twelve long years have borne
The rage of ev'ry angry wind:
Yet ſtill does Ozmyn weep and mourn,
Yet ſtill no eaſe, no reſt can find!
Then Death, alas, muſt ſoon deſtroy
The little wand'ring Negro-boy!

No ſorrow e'er diſturbs the reſt,
That dwells within the lonely grave;
Thou beſt reſource the wo-wrung breaſt
E'er aſk'd of Heav'n, or Heav'n e'er gave!
Ah then, farewell, vain world, with joy
I die the happy Negro-boy!

SONG.

SONG. TO ELIZA.

If to mine eye, like thy fair cheek,
The roſe ſoft pleaſure could impart;
Its flow'r with eagerneſs I'd ſeek,
And always wear it on my heart.

For where thy image loves to reſt,
'Twould bloom with ſtill redoubled glow;
The panting ſoil that warms my breaſt,
No kinder, gentler, Sun can know.

SONNET.

September 8, 1800.

Say, ſoft Eliza, good as thou art fair,
Lives one fond hope in Love's diſtracted breaſt?
Muſt ſtill the thrilling horrors of Deſpair
Fade my wan cheek, and canker all my reſt?

Alas! thy tongue, that faulters to conceal,
Thy face averted, and thy fearful eye,
Too ſoon the rending anſwer will reveal,
That bids the fond and faithful Henry die!

To

To leave a world, where diſappointment, ſighs,
And tears, and anguiſh, all were left for me,
Is not the ſentence that my boſom flies;
No, fair Eliza, 'tis a worſe decree:
From that ſweet form to tear theſe ſtreaming eyes,
And live no more to love and live for thee!

SONNET TO EVE.

September 10, 1800.

QUEEN of the balmy Peace that ſoothes my breaſt,
As oft I linger in thy dewy reign;
Whoſe gentle ſighs lull Nature into reſt,
Whoſe ſober ſhadows mellow o'er the plain.

How ſweet to wander thro' the duſky vale,
When Philomela weeps her bleeding woes;
When plaintive murmurings thro' the grove prevail,
And purling runnels bubble to repoſe!

'Tis then the influence of thy placid wand
Steals into ſolemn thought my penſive mind;
I bow enraptur'd to thy ſoft'ning hand;
And oft on yon old moſs-grown bank reclin'd,
Liſt to the breeze that whiſpers thy command,
While Fancy ſighs each echo from behind!

SONNET.

SONNET.

September 10, 1800.

SWEET are the breezes that the lovely morn
Scatters around the glories of her way;
Sweet are the ſober tints that eve adorn,
And ſweet the radiance of the noon-tide day.

But ah! how ſweet is Love's enraptur'd ſigh!
How ſweet the modeſt bluſh that dyes his cheek!
How ſweet the glancing ſplendor of his eye,
Splendors that warm, and ſplendors that can ſpeak!

Mild as the air, that breathes the vernal ſhow'r,
Is the ſoft whiſper of the vow of Love;
Soft as the ſhadows of the floating hour,
Soft as the pearly dew that decks the grove;
And, fair Eliza, if that Love has pow'r,
Theſe heav'nly pleaſures ſhall our boſoms prove.

THE MAD GIRL'S SONG.

September 11, 1800.

THE lily enamels the vale,
And roſes they purple above;
But how can their glories prevail
With a ſmile from the lips of my Love?

But my Love, he was falſe and unkind,
When he bade me depart from the grove:
And I'll go: for I have not a mind
That will laugh at the frowns of my Love.

I'll pick up the flow'rs that are dead,
And deck all my boſom ſo gay,
That Love ſhall come patting my head,
And ſteal all their bloſſoms away.
But, no; he ſha'nt rob me of theſe,
Refuſal his wiſhes ſhall prove;
For he would not, my paſſions to pleaſe,
Inſpire the cold breaſt of my Love.

I will viſit the Cypreſs ſo ſad,
That hangs o'er the dark ſhadow'd grave;
And I know, tho' they tell me I'm mad,
That I'll tear off its branches to wave.
O, and then a ſweet garland I'll twine,
And ſhew all my friends how I wove;
And all, but the leaves ſhall be mine,
For I'll give all the green to my Love.

But my Love, I'm afraid, wont be preſs'd
To take the poor gift, tho' ſo ſmart:
For he ſcorn'd this fond fluttering breaſt,
And all the warm wealth of my heart.

Then

Then I'll keep it and twine in my hair
The green, and the boughs that I wove;
And when it ſhall fade away there,
Sing dirges to it and my Love.

SONNET.

IN IMITATION OF LOPEZ DE VEGA.

WELL, if I muſt, I think I might begin,
But your long Sonnets are ſo horrid hard;
Yet ſoft, I've got in a poetic pin;
Wond'rous! one ſtave's dropp'd out this head of lard!

Well, I'll be hang'd if I know what to ſay:
Why how! I've tumbled on another line;
O admirandum! Phœbus ſmiles to day;
Another! Well, now, don't ye think, I ſhine.

Ah! I ſhall faint! Poor Pegaſus wont drive!
What! At the Tenth! Heav'ns, how the Muſes fag!
An't I the comicalleſt dog alive?
How now! Twelve bits to this poetic rag!
Fire and amazement! keep it up! You'll beat 'em;
Add up, my lads! There's Fourteen, or I'll eat 'em.

TO ZEPHYR.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

November 17, 1800.

MILD Zephyr, o'er the verdant grove,
That ſport'ſt in April's dewy ray,
O hear the tender ſighs of love,
And wave thy wings and come away!

If e'er his plaints have reach'd thine ear,
If e'er his tears have met thine eye,
Go, tell Eliza, gentle Air,
I weep, I languiſh, and I die!

Eliza once my fondneſs knew,
Eliza once that fondneſs bleſt;
Eliza frowns; I fear to woo,
And hide the pang that rends my breaſt.

O go; and yon refulgent ball,
And bounteous Heav'n thy care ſhall pay,
And melt the ſnow-drops as they fall,
Where'er thou tak'ſt thy evening play.

And

And where thou wav'ſt thy airy wing,
No chilling rains ſhall patter there;
No driving hail deform thy Spring;
Go, ſigh my ſorrows, gentle Air.

PASTORALS.

PASTORALS.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL AND POPE.

PASTORAL I.

SEASON, *Spring*.——TIME, *Morning*.

ADDRESSED

TO GEORGE, EARL OF GUILFORD.

——————Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares, et reſpondere parati.

VIRG. Æclog. vii. v. 4.

IN fair Oxonia firſt, with vernal flow'rs
I crown the Muſe that cheers my peaceful hours;
Mild Iſis, echo to the rural ſong,
That humbly ſkims thy ſilver ſtream along;
Ye willows, quiv'ring o'er your waters play,
And nod ſoft plaudits to the whiſp'ring lay.

IMITATIONS.

V. 1. *In fair Oxonia firſt.*] Pope opens his Paſtorals by
"Firſt in theſe fields I try the ſylvan ſtrains."

Offspring of him, belov'd by Heav'n, who join'd
The nobleſt wiſdom with the pureſt mind,
Attend the verſe; nor thoſe, thy peers among,
Who on thy patriot voice ſo oft have hung,
Diſdain theſe early numbers to receive,
That in the ſunſhine of thy ſmiles would live.
So round the gen'rous oak the mazy vine
Loves, in gay wreathes, his infant leaves to twine;
Yet bluſhes, as it pays admiring court,
And purples grateful o'er its high ſupport.

Fair Morn yet linger'd in the op'ning eaſt,
And careleſs tints on diſtant mountains caſt;
When three young Shepherds, o'er the ſpreading lawn,
With early warblings hail'd the ſmiling dawn;
Till, as they pour'd their gather'd flocks along,
Thus gentle Hylas ſtopp'd the flowing ſong:

HYLAS.

Lov'd Swains, the fav'rites of the rural Muſe,
See waking morn her purple rays diffuſe;
Smooth Iſis' ſtreams reflected ſplendor yield,
And gay, green Spring, enrobes the circling field;

IMITATIONS.

V. 21. *Till, as they pour'd.*]
Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vales their fleecy care.
Pope.

Come

Come then; the Muſes love the vernal year;
Let ſongs, alternate, ſwell the cooling air;
While in yon waving Elm's embow'ring ſhade,
In decent ſhew the rural feaſt be laid.
Damon, begin; your gentle reed inſpire;
Then, Thyrſis, anſwer with Apollo's fire.

DAMON.

What ſay you, Thyrſis? I, unſkilful ſwain,
Tune the mean pipe along the diſtant plain;
And ſtake this crook, with iv'ry head, as fair,
As Delia's neck, or Daphne's flaxen hair.

THYRSIS.

And I this horn, which firſt my grand-ſire found,
And thro' the hollow pour'd the lenth'ning ſound;
A ring of gold enclaſps the graceful curve,
His bright reward whoſe ſongs the prize deſerve.

DAMON.

Fair blooming youth, O leave Idalia's grove,
Thy feaſts ambroſial, and thy Pſyche's love;
Glow thro' the verſe, and ſmooth the ruſtic lays
That ſeek no theme, but thine eternal praiſe.

IMITATIONS.

V. 28. *Let ſongs alternate.*]
Alternis dicetis. VIRG. Ecl. 3. v. 59.

V. 33. *What ſay you, Thyrſis?*]
Vis ergo, inter nos, quid poſſit uterque, viciſſim
Experiamur? VIRG, Ecl. 3. v. 28.

THYRSIS.

Melodious Phœbus, all my mind inſpire
With Hayley's air, or Southey's kindl'ing fire;
That not unequal to the taſk may prove
Of ſinging Delia's charms, and Delia's love.

DAMON.

Me laughing Daphne ſoftly lurks behind,
Pelts the ſmooth plum, then trips along the wind;
Yet, while the buſh conceals with ſweet-briar green,
She laughs aloud, and wiſhes to be ſeen.

THYRSIS.

While lovely Delia leads the floating dance,
At each quick ſtep ſhe darts the ſide-long glance;
While, winking round, in ev'ry ſoft retreat,
How much her eyes belie her ſporting feet.

IMITATIONS.

V. 45. *Melodious Phœbus.*]
Inſpire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praiſe,
With Waller's art or Granville's moving lays. POPE.

V. 49. *Me laughing Daphne.*]
Malo me Galatea petit laſciva puella,
Et fugit ad ſalices, et ſe cupit ante videri.
VIRG. Ecl. 3. v. 64.

V. 53. *While lovely Delia.*]
The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen,
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes. POPE.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Sweet May is faithful to the honey'd flow'rs,
March to the winds, and April to the ſhow'rs;
Yet ſtill more conſtant, while her Damon's here,
Is charming Daphne all the varied year.

THYRSIS.

Fair Morning loves to court the tepid breeze,
Mild Eve the cooler, Noon the ſhady trees;
Yet more than all, my Delia joys to play,
Where faithful Thyrſis leads his flocks away.

DAMON.

The peaceful Olive ſage Minerva bears,
Bacchus the Vine, the Myrtle Venus wears;
Yet while my Fair admires the vi'let blue,
The vine, ſweet flow'r, and myrtle, yield to you.

IMITATIONS.

V. 65. *The peaceful Olive.*]

Populus Alcida gratiſſima, vitis Iaccho,
Formoſæ myrtus Veneri, ſua laurea Phœbo.
Phyllis amat corylos: illàs dum Phyllis amabit,
Nec myrtus vincet corylos, nec laurea Phœbi.

VIRG. Ecl. 7. v. 61.

THYRSIS

THYRSIS.

The hardy Oak is monarch of the plains,
O'er the ſoft ſtream the mournful Willow reigns;
If Delia love the Roſe, with bluſhes gay,
The Oak and Willow ſhall the Roſe obey.

DAMON.

When hoary Winter chains our fields in froſt,
And lively Verdure in his ſnows is loſt;
If Daphne ſmile, ſtern Winter frowns no more,
And greener verdure crowns the flow'ry ſhore.

THYRSIS.

When thirſty Sirius rages o'er the fields,
And fainting Nature to the tyrant yields,
In Delia's preſence, her enliv'ning eye
Sparkles with life, and ſplendor paints the ſky.

IMITATIONS.

V. 69. *The hardy Oak.*]

Fraxinus in ſylvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis,
Populus in fluviis, abies in montibus altis;
Sæpius at si me, Lycida formoſe, reviſas,
Fraxinus in ſylvis cedat tibi, pinus in hortis.
VIRG. Ecl. 7. v. 65.

V. 77. *When thirſty Syrius.*]

Aret ager; vitio moriens ſitit aeris;
Phyllidis adventu noſtræ nemus omne virebit. Ecl. 7. v. 57.

DAMON.

DAMON.

If in ſome diſtant grove my Daphne roam,
Far from her ſhepherd's flock and native home;
Huſh'd are the birds, the ſorrowing flow'rs droop low;
And the dull ſtreams in languid ſilence flow.

THYRSIS.

If cruel Delia from her Thyrſis hide,
By yon dark elm, or Thames ſedge-mantled ſide;
In vain bright Titan gilds the burniſh'd plains;
He ſoothes the leaſt who ſmiles upon our pains.

DAMON.

Ah, yield thee, Thyrſis; or with promptneſs tell,
What ſweet is that from ſhow'ring Heav'n that fell;
Unfold the riddle, and the crook is thine,
To curb the goats that crop the early vine.

THYRSIS.

Yet boaſt not Damon; firſt that flow'r declare,
That joins a metal with a virgin fair;
Then his loud horn ſhall conquer'd Thyrſis yield,
And all the praiſes of the wond'ring field.

IMITATIONS.

V. 81. *If in ſome diſtant grove.*]

——At ſi formoſus Alexis
Montibus his abeat, videas et flumina ſicca.

VIRG. Ecl. 7. v. 55.

HYLAS.

HYLAS.

Equal in wit, and in the flowing ryhme,
In years tho' greener than the youthful lime.
Admir'd by Phœbus, and by Love careſs'd,
Who can diſcern the youth, who ſings the beſt?
Bleſt in unrivall'd Friendſhip, ſtill maintain
Th' admiring plaudit of each humbler ſwain;
While to thee, Damon, this tranſparent horn,
That clear reflects the purple tints of Morn,
Glad, I adjudge; and, Thyrſis, to thy care,
Commit this crook with mounting iv'ry fair.
But haſte away; the ſweet repaſt is laid,
Inviting Hunger in the rural ſhade:
Put up your pipes: the birds your notes prolong;
Let them take up the warb'ling of the ſong.

IMITATIONS.

V. 100. *Who can diſcern.*]
Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites.
VIRG. Ecl. 3. v. 108.

V. 109. *Put up your Pipes.*]
Claudite jam rivos, pueri. VIRG. Ecl. 3. v. 111.

PASTORAL II.

PASTORAL II.

SEASON, *Summer.*——TIME, *Noon.*

ADDRESSED

TO MASTER F. H. PAPENDIECK.

——— Tantus dolor urit amantes.
OVID, Met. lib. iv. v. 278.

IN Windſor groves, where cooling Zephyrs play,
And Thames ſmooth waters guide their chryſtal way,
The gather'd Swains, with rural labour tir'd,
Sought the mild breezes, and the reed inſpir'd;
While, where the oaks hang round their ample ſhade,
Their crooks neglected, and the flocks were laid.
Soft as they ſung, along the verdant ſhore,
The feather'd ſongſters ſeem'd to charm no more;
All Nature ſmil'd; gay ſprung the blooming flow'rs,
And harmleſs Mirth led on the dancing hours.

Fred'rick, attend; hear one ſad lay complain,
That to our friendſhip adds this length'ning chain;

IMITATIONS.

V. 7. *Soft as they ſung.*]

Soft as he mourn'd the ſtreams forgot to flow. POPE.

How ſwains, tho' faithful as thyſelf, have mourn'd
Affection ſcorn'd, or friendſhip unreturn'd;
Hear all the griefs, and all the ills of love;
For thou can'ſt pity, and may chance approve.

Alone retir'd from this enliv'ning ſcene,
Palemon ſlowly pac'd the diſtant green;
Where, on his head, Sol pour'd his burning ray,
And, in hot ſplendor, flam'd the cloudleſs day:
Looſe, o'er his ſhoulders, fell his airy flute,
So lively once, but now ſo ſadly mute;
O'er his blue eyes his flaxen treſſes hung,
While mournful thus in gentle plaint he ſung:—

Ye radiant ſun-beams, parching from above,
Ah fierce, indeed, but not ſo fierce as Love;
Ye fields of azure ſapphire, ſparkling fair,
And ye, beneath, that Summer's verdure wear,
All Nature, liſten to the piteous lay,
That longs, like you, yet ſickens to be gay;
And, oh, if Grief ſhould ſpoil the heart-felt verſe,
Him pity moſt, who fails it to rehearſe.

Ah! thinks my Roſalind, what reſtleſs pain,
Her faithleſs breaſt inflicts upon her ſwain;
While o'er the thirſty fields he ſeeks to trace
Some footſtep printed on the trodden graſs!

Fond,

Fond, ſimple youth, when, joying in her love,
Thy Roſalinda ſought the ſhady grove,
Where oft enraptur'd on the bank ſhe ſtood,
As in the bluſhing ſtream my face I view'd;
And told me, bending o'er the gurgling wave,
Not Morn herſelf ſuch lovely bluſhes gave;
Why did I eager drink her perjur'd praiſe,
Why round her head enwreathe the grateful bays?
Yet cruel Love ſtill wrings my wo-worn breaſt,
Nor laughing Summer brings Palemon reſt!

Come, view my cottage, that, on yonder hill,
Climbs o'er the hedge, and looks upon the rill;
O'er its ſmooth top the bow'ring elm ſurvey,
That ſhades my windows from the ſcorching ray;
While creeping upwards on its cover'd ſide
The winding ivy mounts in verdant pride.
Around, like ſilver peeping from the graſs,
Thame's ſubject ſtream directs its waves of glaſs;
Till ſpreading ſlowly as it onward moves,
It bounds below, and ruſhes to the groves.
Here will we love; and when the bright-eyed Morn
Wakes to new light and life the purpling Dawn,

IMITATIONS.

V. 40. *As in the bluſhing ſtream.*]
.....Nuper me in litore vidi,
Quum placidum ventis ſtaret mare. VIRG. Ecl. 2. v. 25.

V. 47. *Come, view my cottage.*]
O deign to viſit our forſaken ſeats. POPE.

Thy liquid voice in heav'nly notes ſhall riſe
With my low flute, ſoft warbling to the ſkies;
Or if it pleaſe thee better, from the cotes,
Thy tender hand ſhall drive the udder'd goats:
While round the plain, where freſh'ning Zephyr breathes,
Thy careful ſwain the colour'd garland wreathes;
To deck thy boſom, or attentive ſpread
The rifled Summer on thy baſhful head!

The yelling lion pants the wolf to ſeize,
The wolf the kid, the kid the tender trees;
The ſad Palemon, with enquiring eyes,
And eager haſte, for Roſalinda flies;
Yet the fierce lion lives not in his breaſt,
No ſavage Hunger robs his ſoul of reſt;
Love, gentle Love, the ſhepherd's anxious care,
Urges him on, and ſhews the promis'd fair;
Yet as I haſte to claſp her in theſe arms,
Fled is her form, and all her glowing charms!

IMITATIONS.

V. 59. *Thy liquid voice.*]
Mecum una in ſylvis imitabere Pana canendo.
VIRG. Ecl. 2. v. 31.

V. 62. *Thy tender hand.*]
Hædorum que gregem viridi compellere hibiſco.
VIRG. Ecl. 2. v. 30.

V. 67. *The yelling Lion.*]
Torva leæna lupum ſequitur; lupus ipſe capellam;
Florentem cytiſum ſequitur laſciva capella.
VIRG. Ecl. 2. v. 63.

And

And is it thus, malicious god, the youth
Is robb'd of all, that vow'd eternal truth?
That he, who ſpoils the flow'ry pride of Spring,
His votive garlands on thy ſhrine to bring;
That he, who ſings thy praiſes all the year,
For Roſalinda claſps the ſhadowy air?

O'er diſtant fields no more my feet ſhall roam,
Nor ſad Palemon leave his peaceful home.
This flute, which Mœris with his dying breath,
Gave as a pledge that Friendſhip lives in Death;
This flute no more ſhall unregarded hang,
With which ſo ſweetly thro' the groves he ſang:
To yon thick ſhade, lamenting, I'll retire,
And to ſoft plaints my mournful reed inſpire!
Yet, why bright Phœbus fly! a livelier flame,
With cheriſh'd hate, exhauſts my drooping frame.
Still, ſtill I burn! ah, rather let me ſay,
Palemon's free when Roſalind's away:
Reflecting Reaſon blot the fatal word,
And to rough Love be ſmooth Content preferr'd.
But haſte, Palemon; to yon ſhady green,
Where limpid Thame adorns the verdant ſcene,

IMITATIONS.

V. 85. *This flute which Mœris.*]
Fiſtula, Damætas dono mihi quam dedit olim;
Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet iſta ſecundum.

Urge

Urge the quick ſtep: for, on the margin gay,
The heedleſs flock in wild diſorder play.
Farewel, ye plains, ye verdant lawns, adieu,
Ye fields of green, and ye of azure blue!
Farewel, falſe Roſalind; my beating breaſt
Denies me more: let tears declare the reſt!

PASTORAL III.

SEASON, *Autumn.*——TIME, *Evening.*

ADDRESSED

TO THE HONOURABLE T. ERSKINE.

Amor, che per gli affani creſce.

PETR. p. 33.

FAIR was the eve; and o'er the weſtern ſky
Departing Phœbus caſt his gentler eye;
Autumnal glories mark'd the yellow plain,
And golden Ceres ſpread her waving reign,
When wand'ring Strephon, mourning o'er the mead,
With gentle breath inſpir'd the plaintive reed;
While pitying Zephyrs wafted thro' the grove,
The mingled notes of Sorrow and of Love.

Thou,

Thou, whom a nation's love, a nation's praiſe
Crowns yet unwearied with immortal bays;
Whom gracious Heav'n, in pity to mankind,
Gave to ſcourge Vice, and curb the erring mind;
O let my Muſe, by thy great name inſpir'd,
With Erſkine's native eloquence be fir'd!
From thy warm eye expreſſive Pity ſent,
Shall mountains melt, and bid the rocks relent;
The woods ſhall mourn, and heap'd upon the ſhore
Old Thamus weep, and Iſis ſmile no more!

From Strephon's boſom burſt the tender ſigh,
And Grief's big drop ſtood trembl'ing in his eye!
Streaming it fell: Love caught the pearly tear,
And whiſper'd comfort in the ſhepherd's ear.

Ah, cruel god, reply'd the care-worn ſwain,
Thy ſmiles are ſorrow, and thy pleaſure pain!
Still, as I bow beneath thy burning ſhrine,
Contempt, Refuſal, and Deſpair, are mine!
No promis'd joys by love-ſick Fancy dreſt,
No promis'd raptures throb within my breaſt!
Fair Peace, adieu! and ah! no more be mute;
But mourn with me, my ſweetly-warbling flute!

IMITATIONS.

V. 30. *But mourn with me.*]

Incipe Manalios mecum, mea tibia, verſus.

VIRG. Ecl. 8. v, 21.

And does Menalcas, rev'lling in her charms,
On Sylvia's breaſt repoſe his iron arms?
Perverted Nature, mourn thy baniſh'd reign,
And weep with me o'er ev'ry murm'ring plain;
The ſavage eagle, ſcreaming, courts the dove,
To ſnowy hinds the lion roars his love;
Wild in the flock the rav'ning wolf's preferr'd,
And foaming tygers ſport among the herd!
Fair Peace, adieu! And ah, no more be mute;
But mourn with me, my ſweetly-warbl'ing flute!

In this lorn breaſt, where Sylvia's image lies,
Love aſks in vain, while vaniſh'd Hope denies!
Once could I wiſh, when artleſs was my age,
And ſmiling Time unroll'd his brighteſt page;
Once could I wiſh, when firſt my Sylvia roſe,
Like op'ning flow'rs their budding charms diſcloſe;
When firſt ſhe roſe, the ſplendor of the plain,
And ſtole the heart of ev'ry ſimple ſwain;
Till Diſappointment drove me from my land,
And daſh'd the cup of Rapture from my hand.
Weep, hapleſs youth! and ah! no more be mute;
But mourn with me, my ſweetly-warbl'ing flute!

IMITATIONS.

V. 81. *And does Menalcas.*]

Mopſo Niſa datur; quid non ſperemus amantes?
Iungentur jam gryphes equis. VIRG. Ecl. 8. v. 26.

Ye groves, forſaken by your wretched ſwain;
Ye mazy woodlands, nodding o'er the plain;
Ye bleating folds, once Strephon's fleecy wealth,
My ſlender crook, fond pleaſure, and fair health,
All, all, adieu! To me, the ſhady grove
Has loſt its charms, ſince Sylvia has her love!
For ſome new ſwain my wand'ring flock muſt look,
And all the garlands wither on my crook!
Weep, hapleſs youth! and ah! no more be mute;
But mourn with me, my ſweetly-warbl'ing flute!

Soft ſung the ſhepherd; and on diſtant plains
Delighted Echo ſpread the plaintive ſtrains.
Thame rais'd his head, and bending o'er the meads
Told the mild numbers to his waving reeds;
While Windſor fields, forgetful to rejoice,
Caught the ſad influence of his magic voice.

Hark! What ſweet murmurs break from yonder grove!
What chanting Nymph laments her bleeding love;
Still on mine ear the ſilver numbers ſteal,
And riſing throbs within my breaſt I feel!
The ſhepherd paus'd: while, floating gently near,
Theſe mournful numbers trembled in his ear:—

Sweet is the light that glitters thro' the ſky,
And ſweet ſoft Ev'ning with her virgin eye;

Dear is the hope that flatters me to reſt,
And lov'd the purple ſtream that warms my breaſt!
But ah! How ſweet, how dear, how lov'd, the youth,
That to this wretched boſom vow'd his truth!
Who from theſe lips love's warm avowal heard,
That love to Pleaſure and to Peace preferr'd!
Sigh on, ye Zephyrs, that around me breathe;
And mourn, ye bubbling ſtreams, that purl beneath!

Once ſoft Content reveal'd her placid charms,
And Joy, with ſmiles, would woo me to her arms!
Once from his ſhrine Love bow'd his yielding head;
But Love, and Joy, and ſoft Content, are fled!
Care on my lips compels his bitter bowl,
And Woe's rude tempeſt ſhakes my tortur'd ſoul!
Sigh on, ye Zephyrs, that around me breathe;
And mourn, ye bubbling ſtreams, that purl beneath!

Ye playful Nymphs, that haunt the woodland ſcene,
The flow'ry valley, or the upland green;
Or ye, in Thame's ſmooth flowing ſtream, that lave,
And cleave with poliſh'd arm the chryſtal wave;
In what cool bow'r, what wat'ry grotto's ſhade
To ſad complaint impervious, were you laid;
When Force unmanly dragg'd me from my fields,
And all the joys my peaceful cottage yields?
Sigh on, ye Zephyrs, that around me breathe;
And mourn, ye bubbling ſtreams, that purl beneath!

If

If Health's warm ſmile theſe drooping charms reſtore,
And Hope's unalter'd eye be dim no more;
If Love has pow'r to bind the hearts of ſwains,
(And that he has, O tell my native plains!)
This weary hand that props my tearful cheek,
With painful toil and trembling mis'ry weak,
This weary hand ſhall be the youth's alone,
Who call'd ſo oft that weary hand his own!
Witneſs ye groves, with gilding Autumn gay,
Ye waving fields, that glitter on the day,
Ye whiſp'ring leaves, with yellow border bright,
And ye, ye floating ſplendors of the light!
Deſpis'd Menalcas mourns my flight in vain,
And Sylvia's Strephon ſhall be hers again!
Sport now, ye Zephyrs, that around me breathe;
And ſmile, ye bubbling ſtreams, that purl beneath.

Soft ceas'd the Fair; then beam'd from out the grove
In all the luring languiſhings of love;
Caught by the breezes ſhook her cluſt'ring curls,
Shook, as when Eve her trembling veil unfurls;
An airy robe her floating form betray'd,
And o'er her breaſt in ruffling eddies play'd;
From her bright eyes a thouſand glances ſpeak,
And bluſhing beauty purples on her cheek.
Enraptur'd Strephon gaz'd upon her charms,
And wildly ruſh'd, and claſp'd her in his arms:

" Theſe fond careſſes," ſighed the blooming ſwain,
" Theſe dear embraces bind us once again!
" O may no more the wiles of fortune part
" This panting boſom from thy Shepherd's heart!
" If Love, too cruel, ſmile but to deceive,
" And Woe once more the loom of mis'ry weave;
" That ruffian hand that tears me from thy ſide,
" Shall point the grave, where hapleſs Strephon died!"

PASTORAL IV.

PASTORAL IV.

SEASON, *Winter.*——TIME, *Night.*

ON THE DEATH OF MR. COWPER.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene: cui liquidam Pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit.

Ergo — — — — perpetuus Sopor
Urget! cui Pudor, & Juſtitiæ ſoror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem?

HOR. Lib. i. Od. 24.

DAPHNIS.

NOT the ſmooth Streamlets that with rippling tide
In murm'rings mild the chryſtal pebbles chide;
Not ſummer-airs that fan the ruſtling grove,
Or the warm whiſpers of enraptur'd Love;
Not Pan himſelf can ſo beguile mine ear,
As when Amyntas' gentle reed I hear;
But, ah! his ſweet celeſtial ſtrains are gone,
And rich Elyſium claims her tuneful ſon!

MŒRIS.

See ſolemn Night begins her dreary reĩgn,
And Winter bleaches o'er the icy plain;
Pale Luna ſleeps behind the dark'ning cloud,
And Nature lies beneath her frozen ſhroud:
So drear to me is Rapture's dancing ray,
So cold to Mœris Pleaſure's warmeſt day;
So darken'd, Youth's bright ſunſhine, now no more,
So frozen Health, whoſe bluſhes glow'd before:
For, ah! with thee I weep our Shepherd's death,
And raptur'd Harmony's forgotten breath!

DAPHNIS.

As the tall Poplar waves above the reed,
Or Windſor-groves riſe graceful o'er the mead;
As lovely Roſes bluſh upon the thorn,
Or flow'ry Buds the tangled hedge adorn;
Thus lov'd Amyntas rivall'd ev'ry ſwain;
Thus with his warblings grac'd the raviſh'd plain;
Thus bow'd each Shepherd to his mellow flute,
Till Verſe, Amyntas, and Delight were mute!
Mourn, mourn, ye Horrors of the frozen year,
And melt in tears of anguiſh o'er his bier!

IMITATIONS.

V. 18. *And raptur'd Harmony's.*]

——Fair Daphne's dead, and Muſic is no more! POPE.

MŒRIS.

MŒRIS.

Yon aged tree, where once his ſculptur'd name
Would Admiration's paſſing tribute claim,
The envious ſnows in cluſt'ring heaps conceal,
And graven boughs no more the charm reveal:
Beneath the froſt of Death's relentleſs hand
Thus dies the Muſe, thus leaves a weeping land;
Thus fades the landſcape from our ſtraining ſight,
Where ſoaring Rapture wing'd her viſions bright;
Where Fancy planted gay her colour'd goal,
And magic Melody enchain'd the ſoul!
For, ah! Amyntas droops his gentle head,
And Rapture, Fancy, Melody, are fled!

DAPHNIS.

Chain'd is the muſic of the purling ſpring,
And ſtiff the tender turtle's uſeleſs wing;
So faſt in Death the fetter'd Muſes lie,
So fixt our tuneful Swains enliven'd eye!
And, ah! no more ſhall Summer's glowing reign
Reſtore his numbers to their native plain;
No more light Autumn wake to viſions gay
Thoſe eyes, cold hidden from the light of day;
Though melting Springs again ſhall ſoothe the grove,
And pliant pinions oar the ſailing dove!

Weep,

Weep, Mœris, weep! Amyntas charms no more;
And Pan chants vainly o'er the deſart ſhore!

MŒRIS.

Ah, down theſe cheeks full oft the tearful ſtream
Steals in the day, and dews the nightly dream;
Full oft Remembrance thorns within my breaſt,
And Meditation lures me from my reſt!
O'er this cold grave that decks the ſnowy way
With old o'er-waving cypreſs ſadly gay,
O'er this cold grave pale vigils will I keep,
And bid the wand'ring pilgrim pauſe and weep;
While thus the ſorrow by his ſighs betray'd
Shall ſoothe in penſive lay the liſt'ning Shade:—

" Thee, ſweet departed Warbler of the plain,
" Who charm'd ſo oft lorn Echo's mournful reign;
" Thee, when green Spring her verdant mantle weaves,
" And laughing Summer crowns her head with leaves;
" Thee, when bright Autumn paints the golden land,
" And hoary Winter waves his icy hand;
" Thee ſhall Remembrance fancy in her way,
" Chanting with tuneful reed thy placid lay;
" And, with her wonted rapture wildly warm,
" Preſent the laurel to th' ideal form:
" Thee ſhall Affection mourn, along thy bier
" Mingling with ſilent grief the burſting tear;

" Thee

" Thee Honour, acting in his nobleſt part,
" Hold in each eye, and grave within each heart;
" Till Spring no more, or Summer's ſparkling eye,
" Or yellow Autumn beam along the ſky;
" Till hoary Winter looſe his icy chain,
" And Joy, immortal as thy numbers, reign!"

ELEGIES.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In this cold ſolitude, this awful ſhade,
Where ſleeps the lyre of many a tuneful breath,
The ghaſtly ſhroud, and duſt-diſturbing ſpade,
Invite the ſhudd'ring Thought to Gloom and Death.

Yet, while my careful feet ſlow pace along
O'er the dumb tales of learning and of fame,
Remembrance fond recals the Poet's ſong,
And Admiration points the chiſell'd name.

To boaſt the wonder of attentive crouds,
And wrap the ſoul in ecſtaſied applauſe,
To reach Futurity, that ſpurns the clouds,
And unlock Harmony's enchanting laws;

For

For this the Poet rolls his phrenzied eye,
And wakens Rapture with his fairy hand;
For this he warbles tranſport to the ſky,
And pours enchantment o'er a thrilling land!

Live not, where Shakeſpeare lays his awful duſt,
The marble records of immortal fame?
Weeps not the Muſe o'er Rowe's beloved buſt?
And ſpeaks not Truth in Gay's untitled name!

Who boaſts of Kings when bending o'er the ſhade,
Where lies the harp ſublime of free-born Gray?
Who talks of pomp, or who of proud parade,
Where modeſt Thomſon drops his ſpotleſs lay?

If courts are nobler than the Muſe divine,
Princes and lords had long uſurp'd the praiſe;
Some laurell'd Wilmot wanton'd but to ſhine,
Some Henry hoarded for immortal bays.

Yet them no more ſhall Admiration high
Lift from the turf that triumphs o'er their clay;
For them no tear ſtand quiv'ring in the eye,
For them no boſom ſigh its plaintive lay!

Unwept, unpitied, drooping to their doom,
They creep to death, nor leave a trace behind;
No plaintive breath lamenting o'er the tomb,
But yon cold graſs that whiſtles to the wind!

Ye

Ye gorgeous worms, that glitter in the ſun,
Ye worms of wealth, and vanity, and ſway;
Say, have ye ought of praiſe, of glory won,
That thus ye flaunt along your gaudy way?

'Tis not the ſplendor of the cheriſh'd hoard,
Pomp's carv'd atchievements, or the robe of pow'r;
'Tis not the purple of a nation's lord
Can claim Futurity's emblazon'd hour

Foul Av'rice watches but to gain a grave,
And haughty Pride muſt bow to ſhrinking age;
Pow'r has not learnt the ſtorms of death to brave,
And Grandeur crumbles from her gorgeous ſtage!

The heart that loves, that is the friend of all,
And meek Humility's unlordly breaſt,
Theſe are the beams that glitter o'er the pall,
And ſink reſplendent, like the Sun, to reſt!

And, ah; if e'er on them the Muſe's eye
Shed the bright influence of her heav'nly fire;
Applauſe ſhall live for ever where they lie,
And one eternal triumph be their lyre!

IN MEMORIAM
Jacobi Hay Beattie Art. Magis.
Patris Admirandi Filii Admirabilis,
Philoſ. In Colleg. Mariſchal. Profeſſoris;
Qui Morum Suavitate Et Benignitate,
Mentis Que Divinâ Sublimitate
Ingenium Facetiſſimum,
Bonarum Literarum
Summam Peritiam,
Scientiam Theologiæ Non Mediocrem,
Necnon Philoſophiæ Graviorem
Præter Ætate Longius Profectos Conjunxit:
Dum Simul Vias
Poeſis Leviores
Non Humili Gradu
Perambulavit.

In Gremium Omnipotentis,
Qui Nunquam In Vitam Deſpexit
Niſi Simul Subridens
Mitem Et Immortalem
Animam Exſpiravit
XIX. Novemb. MDCCXC.
Anno Ætat. Suæ. XXII.

Lost,

LOST, ſainted ſon of virtue and of worth,
And haſt thou breath'd thy gentle ſoul away?
Muſt Heav'n ſo ſoon demand thee from this earth?
So ſoon demand thee to eternal day?

O had it ſtill, in pity to us all,
Breath'd lively health into thy placid breaſt;
Vice had not ever triumph'd in our fall,
Or with her hated ſcorpions thorn'd our reſt!

But man's low dwelling was unworthy thee;
And Heav'n perceiv'd, and op'd its arms above:
There ſhall thine eyes their kindred ſweetneſs ſee,
And there thy breaſt its kindred virtues love.

And though thy feet, ſo ſoft, ſo humbly trod
Along life's noiſeleſs, ſolitary vale;
Thy ſhade ſhall walk exalted by its God,
Where courts and kings have panted but to kneel.

Say, can thy death by aught be duly wept,
The ſculptur'd tomb with worthy tears be dew'd?
Shall ſadd'ning vigils o'er thy hearſe be kept,
And melting Sorrow at thy grave be woo'd?

Sad Wit, forgetful of his wonted ſmile,
The ſigh unuſual o'er thy turf ſhall pour;
Philoſophy be taught to weep awhile,
And ev'ry Muſe a ſep'rate loſs deplore!

Farewell, meek Moraliſt; bleſt Bard, adieu!
And Life, lamented by a widow'd age!
That Life, ſoon ſnatching from our raptur'd view
The gentle annals of its ſpotleſs page!

EPITAPH ON ROBESPIERRE.

In Memoriam
Infamem Et Semper Execrandam
Maximiliani Robeſpierre
Pariſii Deteſtabilis Tyranni;
Monſtri
Cujus Sitis Ardens
Sanguinis Humani Effundendi,
Cujus Uſurpatio Inſana
Sancti Nominis
LIBERTATIS;
Cujus Atra Et Cruenta Mens
Rabie Indomita Crudelitatis
Nunquam Satis
Expleta,

Cujus

Cujus Contemptus Omnis Inſtituti
Mortalium vel Dei Immortalis,
Cujus Vita Et Anima
Cruore Patriæ
Vulneratæ Et Morientis
Purpurata,
Mors Et Miſeria Fuere
Piis Et Patriæ Amantibus,
Delectus et Dapes
Mentibus non Suæ Imparibus
Impietatis Et Diabolorum.

Of aſpect ruthleſs as the frown of Fate,
Form'd to be hated, as himſelf could hate;
Of ſoul too impious to be curs'd in ſong,
Dark as that eye of Death he fed ſo long;
Of paſſions fir'd by ev'ry fiend that fell,
The ſword of Slaughter in the hand of Hell;
He kiſs'd the ſteel a country's blood had ſtain'd,
And died that Dæmon that he liv'd and reign'd!

ODES.

ODES.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

FROM OSSIAN.

POINTED ſtar of coming night,
Glitt'ring is thy weſtern light!
Slowly from thy cloudy bed
Lifteſt thou thine unſhorn head;
And, upon yon hills of chalk,
Stately is thy beamy walk!
Say what now beholds thine eye,
In the plains below that lie!

High the ſtorm that howl'd before
Liſtens to the torrent's roar:
Up the black rock, which circling waters lave,
Diſtant beats the ſounding wave;
O'er the field on feeble wings
In drowſy hum the beetle ſings.
Pointed Star, what ſees thine eye
In the plains below that lie?

O'er

O'er thy lips of crimſon hue
Spreads the ſmile; thou ſink'ſt from view:
The curling waves, that round thee gently daſh,
In murm'rings ſoft thy lovely treſſes waſh;
Farewell, ſtill beams of thy fair eyes!
—Thou light of Oſſian's ſoul ariſe!

VALOUR.

When Valour, fearleſs maid, was born,
She wander'd friendleſs and forlorn;
Till once, in Greece, when firſt it roſe
Superior to its neighb'ring foes:
She ſaw in ev'ry eye a fire,
Which none but Valour could inſpire,
And pleas'd to find it all her own,
In Sparta firſt ſhe rais'd her throne.

'Twas Valour taught the art of war,
To throw the lance, and drive the car;
'Twas Valour ev'ry boſom fir'd,
Fill'd high with courage, warm'd, inſpir'd,
Taught the bold warrior how to die,
And bade the vanquiſh'd ſcorn to fly;
Gave to her fav'rite Greece the ſway,
And bade each circling ſhore obey.

Each

Each ſtate its hero then could boaſt,
The king and guardian of its coaſt;
And Argos ſaw her children brave
The terrors of the foaming wave:
E'en gods were jealous at the fight,
And crowded on the Olympian height;
And when the Colchian prize was won,
They ſnatch'd above each Argive ſon.

From anceſtors renown'd as theſe,
Who neither fought nor ſunk to eaſe,
An hardy race of heroes roſe,
Alike regardleſs of repoſe;
And Perſia's ſons beheld the day,
When on Platæa's plains they lay;
And ſaw, and ſaw alone to mourn,
The laurel from their temples torn.

On Mycale's ſea-circled ſhore,
Again they heard the battle roar;
Unnerv'd to fight, afraid to die,
Again the Perſian turn'd to fly.
Then Xerxes roſe, and left behind
His millions, but a grave to find;
And while the coward monarch fled,
Greece rent the turban from his head.

Ah! loſt to all her patriot fame,
Where now is Grecia's glorious name!
—'Tis fled;—and Sparta's hardy race
Shew but a female's languid face.
Their boſom now no ardour fires,
No courage warms, no zeal inſpires;
And Valour's ſelf, to roam no more,
Has come to Albion's white cliff'd ſhore;

SPEECH OF CARACTACUS TO *CLAUDIUS CÆSAR.*

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem.....
Hor. Lib. ii. Od. 3.

MIGHTY Cæſar, tho' to thee
Britain bows the bended knee;
Tho' her hardy warriors know
Victor is the valiant foe;—
Tho' her king with tort'ring pain
Captive drags the galling chain;
Rome itſelf ſhall never boaſt
Britannia's glory all is loſt!

Saw

Saw thou not, Oſtorius bold,
Where in blood my chariot roll'd;
Saw thou not in ev'ry eye
Firm reſolve and courage lie?
Saw thou not each Britiſh ſword
Carve a paſſage for its lord,
Where the Roman eagle ſpread
Her purple pinions o'er thy head?

When misfortune hovers nigh,
Let the coward wiſh to die;
And, like Cato, robb'd of reſt,
Plunge the dagger in his breaſt!
But, tho' feeble, pale, and wan,
Still your captive is a man:
And for me, if life is rough,
To live and to be brave's enough!

Tho' theſe hands no more may wield
Pond'rous ſpear, or maſſy ſhield;
Tho' this tongue may ne'er again
Bid the Britiſh troops be men;
Hope, with ever-lifted eye,
Hope, enchanting, ſtill is nigh!
Yes; they ſhall again be free,
And triumph in their liberty!

TO HONOUR.

Honos alit Artes.

HONOUR, nurſe of ev'ry art,
Warm inſpirer of the heart,
Thee, for all men own thy ſway,
" Tributary kings obey;"
Thee, the warrior claims his due,
Honour, all he holds in view.
" 'Twas for thee," he cries, " I rode
" Fiercely thro' the fields of blood;
" Woke Diſcord with the trumpet's breath,
" And dipt my ſword in blood, and purpled it with death!"

When in brisk enliv'ning notes
Sweet the liquid muſic floats;
When the deep-ton'd organs blow
Solemn meaſures, ſoft and flow;
Or the clarions from afar
Rouſe the ruthleſs ſtorms of war;
Whoſe, but thine exalted hand,
Wakes with tranſport all the land?
Whoſe, but thy voice in thunder told,
Calls to the well-fought field the enterpriſing bold!

See,

See, where on the canvas glows,
Chriſt triumphant in his woes *;
See, as wild he ſweeps the lyre,
Anger all the bard † inſpire,
While, at each prophetic ſound,
Death and Ruin ſtorm around;
Who, but thou, the Maſter taught
Imag'd life and pictur'd thought!
With life inſpir'd each wond'rous form;
Gave deadlier looks to Death ‡, new terrors to the Storm §?

Laſt, yet richer dreſt than all,
Poeſy attends thy call:
Thee, when Milton ſoaring high,
Search'd the glories of the ſky;
Thee, when Gray's terrific hand,
Woke to Vengeance Cambria's land;
Or enraptur'd Collins ſung,
As Fancy wild her reeds among;
Thee ſhe ſaw, while wond'ring earth
View'd with awe thy glorious birth;
Thee ſhe beheld with eager eye,
And wav'd her airy wing, and hail'd thee from the ſky!

* Weſt's Crucifixion. † Fuſeli's Bard, from Gray.
‡ Weſt's Opening of the Seals, from Revelation.
§ Weſt's Lear in the Storm.

TO TRUTH.

TRUTH, faireſt virgin of the ſky,
With robes of light, and beaming eye,
And temples crown'd with day;
O thou, of all the cherub choir,
That boaſt'ſt to wake the ſweeteſt lyre,
And chant the ſofteſt lay.

By him, who 'midſt his country's tears
Stood moveleſs to a thouſand fears,
And ſmild'd at racks and death;
By Perſia's turban'd heroes bold,
And all the Spartan chiefs of old
That bow'd thy ſhrine beneath;

By holy Virtue's veſtal flame,
By laurell'd Honour's ſtately name,
And cheek-bedimpled Love;
O lift from thy majeſtic head
The veil that o'er its treſſes ſpread,
Doubt's fairy fingers wove.

Thee chaſte Religion's virgin breaſt,
And Hope, with fair unruffled veſt,
Their lovely ſiſter hail;

Simplicity

Simplicitly with lilied crown,
And Innocence untaught to frown,
And Peace that loves the vale.

The dæmon that uſurps thy day,
And caſts upon its blemiſh'd ray
The poiſon of his tongue;
O bid him, from thy dazzling ſight,
Shrink back into eternal night,
His kindred fiends among.

And, in the horrors of his train,
Let Diſcord ſeek his yelling reign,
Nor haunt thy path ſerene;
While Guilt, on ev'ry ſullen wind,
Starts pale and trembling from behind
His wild and wizard mein.

Then o'er thy flow'r-enamell'd way
Shall Youth, in artleſs frolic gay,
His ruſtic hymns increaſe;
While Britain, raptur'd at the ſound,
Shouts to her echoing ſhores around,
"Truth, Liberty, and Peace!"

FOR 1799.

WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF THE WAR IN SWITZERLAND.

SWIFTLY o'er the barren heath,
Flies the diſtant echoing blaſt;
Burning War and thirſty Death,
Gloomy horrors round them caſt!

"What bring ye, wide ruſhing ſtorms?"
Cries the mountain Swiſs afar!
"Whence are thoſe terrific forms,
"Thirſty Death and burning War?"

Stern he ſaid;—In wild reply
Howl'd the dæmon of the wind:
"Wretch, thy patriot friends muſt die,
"Gaul and Vengeance frown behind!"

Loud he cried;—the warrior frown'd,
Ruſhing down the craggy ſteep;
Soon the chief his brethren found,
Yielding indolent to ſleep.

Like

Like the waking thunder, roſe
  Heroes at his loud alarms;
Starting quickly from repoſe,
  Onward ruſh'd the bold to arms!

Slow advancing from the weſt,
  Roſe the battle's iron ſtorm;
Pierc'd was ev'ry warrior's breaſt,
  Pale was Freedom's drooping form!

O'er the widely-waſted heath,
  Hollow was the voice of woe!
Scatter'd lay the ſwords of Death,
  Scatter'd lay the chieftains low!

Oft before the dewy Spring
  Sadly ſmiles, is Freedom ſeen
Weeping, freſh blown flow'rs to bring,
  And deck each corſe with honours green!

TO GENIUS.

IRREGULAR.

O THOU, to all the vulgar blind,
Who fill'ſt the Poet's ample mind

With rapture, ſuch as Shakeſpeare felt,
When at thy ſacred ſhrine he knelt;
Such as inſpires, in lofty ſtrain
To tell of agony and pain;
Or, o'er the harp, as the ſlow fingers move,
The gentler, ſoft, ſooth'd mind inſpires
With ſilent, yet more glowing fires,
While the loud numbers melt, to ſtrains of breathing love.

O with that glow whoſe modeſt bluſh
Gives Thomſon's muſe her chaſter bluſh,
Or with th' expanding flames that ſilent lie,
To burſt more bright from Collins' eye;
Or with the voice of Milton's ſong,
Pure as the heav'n, and as its thunder ſtrong;
O fill my mind with all thy ſtrength,
Like thy ideas without length;
Pour thro' my ſoul thy beaming light,
Within be glorious day, tho' all without is nigh!

Yet to that day, ſo bright begun,
O grant there be no ſetting ſun;
Let not Diſtraction's hurrying ſtorm,
Or idiot Madneſs, reſtleſs form,
Deface thy lively ray;

Long

* Long, Genius, let thy ſuppliant view
Thy airy robes of varying hue,
And eyes that dazzle day.
But if thy warm inſpiring breath
Grow cold at the approach of Death;
If at his wintry graſp thy fire
But faint my lonely breaſt inſpire;
Grant to the coming night, O youth divine,
One ray may linger yet, one cheering beam may ſhine!

ON FRIENDSHIP.

IN IMITATION OF POPE'S ODE ON SOLITUDE.

——— Natura beatos
Omnibus eſſe dedit, ſi quis cognoverit uti.
CLAUDIAN.

HAPPY the youth, whoſe early days
The ſweets of Friendſhip charm away;
Content to breathe his humble lays
Simple and gay.

* Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tend'reſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light. COLLINS.

Whoſe friend of ſenſe and love is made,
Whoſe mind is dreſs'd as gay as Prior;
Whoſe Muſe, when warm, that mind can ſhade,
When cold, can fire.

Bleſt on a faithful breaſt to find
Wants, cares, and ſorrows, glide away;
Unmov'd, in body or in mind,
To chide the day.

No thoughts at night except the dreams,
Together mixt, of love and peace!
And muſings fir'd with inward beams
Of heav'nly grace!

Thus let me live, known but by one,
Mourn'd but by one, my race thus end;
Forgot by all that race that run,
Except my friend!

TO FRIENDSHIP.

O THOU, who winding thro' the wrinkles deep
Of giant Care, ſmooth'ſt out his rugged brow
As poliſh'd as thine own,
With wiles unknown before;

Or

Or with thy lovely hand, lurking unſeen,
Stamp'ſt a new dimple on his furrow'd cheek,
While his dark-boding eye
Starts into animation;

How ſweet thy form, when, hanging o'er his head,
Thy gentle tear meets his; that, ruſhing down,
Melts on his icy breaſt,
Rich with thy glowing pearl!

Or when pale Melancholy, maid forlorn,
Mourns in ſoft plain thro' yon deſerted grove,
When Eve in bridals grey
Weds Twilight's ſober form;

How ſweetly hangs upon thy honey'd tongue
Perſuaſion, eloquent and mild, as oft
Thy ſoothing voice ſubdues
Her wo-worn ſoul to peace!

O lovely maid, if aught my humble lay
Avail to move thy gen'rous pitying breaſt,
Whoſe rugged numbers oft
Have hail'd thy genial reign;

By all the griefs that rent the vengeful breaſt
Of dread Achilles, when the Trojan arm
Stretch'd on the clanging earth
His bold, his patriot friend;

By all the fire that flaſh'd from Niſus' eye,
When the lov'd warrior lay convuls'd in death,
His treſſes rudely toſt
On his cold, pallid cheek;

O ſtill, to light and life, affection warm,
And all the nameleſs bleſſings thou canſt give,
Pure, innocent, and free,
The ſocial youth preſerve,

Who, in the cloiſter'd walks, where firſt I learnt
To feel thine influence mild, full oft has vow'd
To deck thy hallow'd ſhrine
With Summer's gayeſt ſtores!

Then, ſoul-endearing maid, each riſing morn,
That paints with purple all the glowing ſky,
Shall to thy boſom waft
On Meditation's wing

Our heart-felt raptures, whether cloſe conceal'd
By academic grove thou love to lay
In thick embow'ring ſhade,
Thy olive-wreathed head:

Or roving far by Thame's moſs-mantled ſide,
Crown thy gay temples with the moiſten'd ſedge,
That decks its rural banks
With lively glowing green.

FRIENDSHIP.

SWEET to the captive's raptur'd ear
Gay Freedom trills her airy ſong;
And gaily to the eye of Care
The golden Morning floats along;
And lively to the wither'd glade
Is wak'ning Spring's enamell'd brow;
And rapt'rous to the weeping maid
Reviving Love's ecſtatic vow;

But when pale Sorrow's languid eye
With tears of cryſtal is bedew'd,
Tho' Friendſhip's ſmile betrays a ſigh,
With ſweeter charms it is endued.
And ſweeter than the airy lay
Of Freedom to the captive's ear;
And gayer than the dawning day,
That dances to the eye of Care;

And livelier than the colour'd brow
Of Spring, that paints the wither'd glade;
And more enraptur'd than the vow
In Love's returning tranſports made.
Then where, O where's the drooping heart,
If, while the ſtorms of anguiſh blow,
Fair Friendſhip from the tempeſt ſtart,
And ſmile a rainbow on our woe?

And

And where's the foot that faintly treads
  Life's wide and weary vale along,
If roſes on its path ſhe ſpreads,
  And warbles round her thrilling ſong?
No ſuch has heav'nly Virtue found
  Within the precincts of her ſway;
Nor flying Fancy's airy round
  Encircled in its magic way.

For where ſhe ſhews her hallow'd form,
  Eternal ſunſhine decks the ſky;
Peace calms to reſt the turbid ſtorm
  And Toil, and Grief, and Anguiſh die!
Hope is not there, for all is giv'n
  That Fancy's happieſt thoughts reveal;
Bliſs, ſuch as blooms the flow'r of Heav'n;
  And Rapture, ſuch as angels feel!

THE PROGRESS OF PAINTING.

WHEN Youth in Greece's poliſh'd groves
Was fav'rite of the laughing Loves,
The little Genii to ſurpriſe
He bade the glowing Pencil riſe,
And form'd a fairy ſprite that kept
The ſacred wonder while he ſlept:
Up ſprung the urchin into air,
Polite, perſuaſive, free and fair; Such

Such manners got a name in haſte,
And lovely Cupid call'd him Taſte.
From him full oft in airy bow'r
They ſnatch'd the emblem of his pow'r,
And bade upon the canvas ſtart
The tender paſſions of their heart;
While lively Youth the wantons taught
Each fancy of the poet's thought,
And fairy viſions flutter'd gay
Around the Eden where they lay.

Then firſt, 'tis ſaid, in colours green
The pictur'd landſcape roſe to view,
And diſtant mountains oft were ſeen
To dip in heav'n their foreheads blue;

And trees their leafy honours bow'd,
And reeds were waving to the gale,
And runnels ſeem'd to prattle loud,
And ſhepherds pip'd along the vale.

There oft within the murmuring grove
The ſwain compos'd his am'rous lay;
There oft the virgin own'd her love,
And bluſh'd along her modeſt way.

There ſcenes alone of rural reſt
Youth was then divine in painting;
A grander grief, a fiercer fainting
Than Love had ſhewn, his hand had ne'er diſplay'd:
Thence ſtronger years were call'd by Art
To give her touch a deeper ſhade,
And teach the painter's toil a bolder part;
And where they daſh'd the pencil warm
Hiſtoric Glory rais'd her awful form,
And War unſheath'd the ſword, and pierc'd the bleeding breaſt!

The ſoul's exertion tir'd; and loſt to fame
Greece ſunk her bleeding head;
While the gay Laurel from her barren name
Planted in a Roman ſhade,
Where Painting's alter'd pencil laid,
Green flouriſh'd o'er the genial land,
Till Death and Darkneſs arm'd the Vandal's hand;
Then around the waſted ſcene
War howling ſhook his gory mien,
And ſavage ſlaughter blew the blaſt of Woe;
The Muſe wept o'er her ruffled wing,
And ſigh'd whene'er ſhe ſought to ſing;
Thalia kiſs'd her laurel drooping low,
And dew'd with cryſtal tears the colours of her bow *.

* The Rainbow here attributed to the Muſe of Painting, from its numerous and ſplendid colours.

From flaming Latium's deſolated land
Italia's phœnix form aroſe;
Upſprung the laurel to her gentler hand,
And Painting ſmil'd above her cloud of woes.

Then with a wild ecſtatic heat
Reclin'd in Fancy's airy ſeat
The pencil met her Raphael's* eye;
Gay Youth at length exulting view'd
His hands with ſtronger pow'rs endu'd,
And laugh'd along the ſky.

But ſee! before his ſparkling ſight
Fair forms of Joy, and panting Pleaſures ſhine;
Idalia darting from her Cyprian ſhrine,
Burſts her radiant veil of light;
And piercing in his painted bow'r,
Bright her beams, and hot the hour,
In the convulſive raptures of her bowl
Drowns his tranſport-frenzied ſoul!

* Raphael d'Urbino, born at Urbino in the States of the Church in Italy, had arrived to ſuch a height of excellence in painting, that in the flower of his youth he was ſtyled the Prince of Painters, and ſtill continues at the head of his profeſſion. This great artiſt died at a very early period of life, in conſequence of a continual and unlimited round of intemperance and debauchery.

Heard ye Thalia's plaintive ſighs?
The warm exceſs has burſt his boiling veins!
The bloom of Beauty is no more,
But pallid Tremor reigns!
On cheeks, that ſummer-purple wore,
The winter-lily lies!
Ah! yet life glimmers faint and faſt!
No more!——the gaudy gleam is paſt;
And great Urbino dies!

Alas! where now, in what ſweet ſhade
Wilt thou, thou rich-rob'd ſair, be laid?
Where paint again thy viſions wild?
Ah! Where ſhall Youth's exulting eye
A pencil yet ſublime deſcry?
Where ſad Thalia weep away
The tears that cloud her feſtive day,
And weep her fav'rite child?
Yet mourn no more! ſee from the main
The Queen * of Iſles ariſe;
Old Triton wakes his echoing ſtrain,
And from the grottos of the deep
The blue-eyed Naiads gaily peep:
Now in daſhing frolic ſporting
Swiftly thro' the waves they glide;
Now the gentle waters courting
Stretch them on their poliſh'd ſide.

* Britain.

And hark! ſlow ſwelling on the weſtern gale
The pomp of Muſic floats ſublime along;
The ſons of Ocean raiſe the choral ſong,
And bid their Britiſh Goddeſs hail!
Thalia catches comfort from her eyes,
And as her colour'd pinions ſpread,
Waves high the laurel-wreath, and crowns her ſea-green head.

O Britain, in thy boaſted iſle
The favour'd Muſes lovelieſt ſmile;
Whate'er with lyre ſublimely ſtrung
Calliope exalted ſung,
When Homer firſt the colleague ſhone
Of Majeſty's empyreal throne,
Or Maro's eye with modeſt ray
On Pindus ſhot ſerener day;
Whate'er the Muſe of Painting taught
To give the eye the range of thought;
Whate'er with ſteady hand ſhe drew,
Or wildly daſh'd for bolder view;
When Zeuxis* o'er his pencil ſmil'd
To ſee his critic eye beguil'd;

Or

* Zeuxis and Parrhaſius, two rival Greek Painters, determined to decide the ſuperiority of the pencil, by ſubmitting two of their works to a public examination. They met accordingly; when Zeuxis produced

Or from Apelles* with ſurpriſe
Greece ſaw a ſecond Ammon riſe;
Whate'er Parnaſſus boaſts her own,
Thy ſons diſplay around thy throne:
There Fancy in the ſunſhine flings
A thouſand colours from her wings;
There Judgment's eye with ken profound
Surveys his philoſophic round;
And Wiſdom with his ſtar-crown'd head
Sees worlds unknown before him ſpread.

Yet ah! when Barry's glowing eye
Shuts cold within the grave;
When Fancy's dreams her Fuſeli fly,
Nor longer in his eagle ſight
Reflecting ev'ry varied light
Her gleaming viſions wave;

duced his piece, repreſenting two men carrying a bunch of grapes, which the birds immediately flew to and pecked; this ſufficiently proved the nice execution of the grapes; but this was not the praiſe that Zeuxis wiſhed; who candidly acknowledged that want of manlineſs in the faces of the bearers, which failed to hinder the near approach of the birds. He now turned to Parrhaſius, and deſired him to remove the curtain, that his picture might be examined: the curtain itſelf was the picture: when this exclamation of ſubmiſſion and admiration burſt from his aſtoniſhed rival:—"Zeuxis has deceived birds, but Parrhaſius has deceived Zeuxis himſelf!"

* Appelles, the Prince of Grecian Painters, and favourite of Alexander the Great, whoſe picture none but himſelf was permitted to copy. It is reported that he executed ſo great a likeneſs of that Prince, that the horſe of the Monarch neighed on approaching it, ſuppoſing himſelf in the preſence of his maſter.

When

When Hiſt'ry weeps her dying Weſt,
And tears her variegated veſt
At ev'ry ſtreaming tear;
Ah! who on ſad Thalia's cheek
Recalls the faded bloom;
Whoſe hands the drooping laurel ſeek,
That waves in ſilence dark and drear
Above the Muſe's tomb?

See o'er the fields of Glory gay
Yon youthful form ariſe
That from his hand diffuſes day,
And darts along the ſkies!
'Tis He!* But why the hurrying gleam
That marks his ardent way?
Why ſtreams yon wild diſorder'd beam
With quick convulſive ray?
Ah! know'ſt thou not that ſparkling bowl
In Pleaſure's fatal arm?
Hide, lurer, hide the fraudful charm!
Yet vain the pray'r! See, where his trembling ſoul
With the wild rapture panting, dying,
Now on Hope's faint pinions flying,

* T. Kirk, one of the moſt animated and promiſing Painters this country has produced, died, like that Raphael he was ſo ſkilfully imitating in ſpirit and grandeur of deſign, a victim to licentiouſneſs; and was cut off in the flower of his youth, a few years ſince.

Now

Now caſting back on life's loſt glitt'ring ſcene
The dimm'd and dark'ning eye,
Views pale and ghaſt its courſe beneath,
Cheer'd by no ſoft, no rural landſcape green,
The realms that bound the vale of Death,
Gulph without depth, and cloud without a ſky;
Glooms, where Fate is taught to frown,
Shades, that Fear and Horror crown;
Where is felt a weight of Night,
And Blackneſs that can blaſt the ſight!
Ah! would this tear could melt his woes away,
This ſigh his ſpirit call, and bid it mix with day!
Turn yet, ye Suns of Genius, turn,
With undiminiſh'd luſtre burn;
Turn yet from yon obſcuring cloud,
Where Sorrow weaves her dropping ſhroud;
And, o'er the fields of Glory borne
Beyond the reach of ſullen night,
Dart from your eyes the wonted morn,
That gave our day delight!
For ſee! Where on Thalia's head
With rays of beaming grandeur ſpread,
Rich blooms again the laurel green!
And low! ſlow moving o'er the radiant ſkies
With ſteadier ſtep and of majeſtic mien,
He* comes, the Youth who charm'd a Britain's eyes,

* R. K. Porter, the riſing and much admired painter of the Storming of Seringapatam.

When from his pencil Valour roſe,
And, tow'ring high above his Eaſtern foes,
Wav'd his red ſtandard o'er the daring ſcene.

O Painting, next in Fancy's heart,
To her ſublime thy Siſter Art,
Who taught her Shakeſpeare's breaſt to glow
With more than thou, a Goddeſs, know;
Thou, warm Expreſſion's roſieſt child,
Whoſe bluſhful cheek has ever ſmil'd,
But when in ſome unwonted hour,
Pale Sorrow met thy pitying pow'r;
Such time, as loſt in mimic pain
A tortur'd Saviour died again,
The while thy tyrant son * beneath
The bleeding model gaſp'd in death;
Pour, Goddeſs, on this taſteful age
Thy breathing ſoul's divineſt rage,
Each beam that ſparkles from thine eye,
Where rang'd the colour'd ſplendors lie,

* Michael Angelo Buonarotti, who united in his perſon the different arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, lived during the revival of learning in Italy; and, as maſter of the firſt profeſſion, ranks second in the liſt to the immortal Raphael. An anecdote, as cruel as it was ungenerous, here alluded to, is related of this artiſt:—That in order to paint the agonies of Death with greater force in the face of a crucified Saviour, he ſtabbed a man at his feet, and copied the tortured and frightful lineaments of his viſage, as he lay expiring.

The glowing thought, the mind of fire,
And all that Fancy's charms inſpire!
E'en, Virgin, to this breaſt impart
If not to feel, to love thine Art,
Delight to view each pictur'd tale,
Where Virtue and her ſons prevail,
Where Taſte has moral ends purſu'd,
And Genius teaches to be good.
Impart; and each new wonder giv'n
Shall bid me hail thee "Lov'd of Heav'n!"

WANDLE'S WAVE.

THE placid eve, the whiſp'ring gale,
Bid muſing Love and Peace prevail;
And call the lonely ſwain to ſtray
Where breezy Coolneſs fans the way.
How ſweet to breathe thro' yonder grove
The penſive lay, the ſighs of Love,
While ſtreams in anſw'ring murmurs lave
The peaceful banks of Wandle's Wave!

Yet, ah! the notes that Friendſhip taught,
Muſt ſoon awake a gloomier thought,

Since

Since She will cloſe thoſe eyes of fire
That now the rural ſong inſpire;
The ſummer eve, the cooling grove
Hear then no more the ſighs of Love;
I go to dreſs Affection's grave;
Adieu, the banks of Wandle's Wave!

HYMNS.

HYMNS.

HYMNS.

TO THE OMNIPOTENT GOD.

Deo Opt. Max.

ALMIGHTY King, who ſit'ſt above,
Enthron'd with Majeſty and Love,
Eternal Arbiter of fate;
Whether we name thee God of all,
Or Alla, Jove, or Mithra call,
Thou, thou alone art truly great!

Princes, the ſhadows of thy nod,
Live but to ſhew, how low to God
Is all the gaudy pride of earth:
Thy Kingdom comprehends all ſpace;
Thy Crown, enrich'd with pearls of grace,
Is glorious as the Morning's birth!

If earth's an atom in thy ſight,
Enwrapt in Folly's mazy night,

How

How low am I that on it dwell!
Thy Brightneſs, not the ſun can ſhow;
Thy Voice, not all the winds that blow,
Nor all the rolling thunders tell!

The earthquake, and the tempeſt, both
Are but the bubbles of thy wrath,
When Vice appall'd ſhrinks at thy frown;
But fearleſs Virtue's heav'nly form,
Sits, like an angel, mid the ſtorm,
And ſmiling wreathes her olive crown.

Graſp the whole earth within thy hand,
Bid heav'n be nought at thy command,
Thou, only thou, be ſtill the ſame;
The void immenſe itſelf ſhall cry,
"Glory to thee, O God moſt High,"
And ever "hallowed be thy Name!"

HYMNS FOR THE SEASONS.

Quid prius dicam ſolitis Parentis
Laudibus? Qui res hominum ac deorum
Qui mare, et terras, variis que mendum
Temperat horis.

Hor. Lib. I. Od. xii. v. 13.

SPRING.

How ſmiling wakes the verdant year
Array'd in velvet green!
How glad the circling fields appear,
That bound the blooming ſcene!

Forth walks from heav'n the beaming Spring,
Calm as the dew ſhe ſheds;
And o'er the winter's mutt'ring king
Her veil of roſes ſpreads.

The ſky ſerene, the waking flow'rs,
The river's looſen'd wave,
Repay the kind and tepid Hours
With all the charms they gave.

And hark! From yon melodious grove
The feather'd warblers break;
And into notes of joy and love
The ſolitude awake!

And ſhall the firſt belov'd of Heav'n
Mute liſten as they ſing?
Shall Man, to whom the lyre is giv'n,
Not wake one grateful ſtring?

O let me join th' aſpiring lay,
That gives my Maker praiſe;
Join, but in louder notes than they,
Than all their pleaſures raiſe!

From ſtormy Winter hoar and chill
Warm ſcenes of peace ariſe:
For ever thus from ſeeming ill
Heav'n every good ſupplies.

For ſee, 'tis mildneſs, beauty, all
Around the laughing whole;
And Nature's verdant charms recall
The mildneſs of the ſoul.

O Thou

O Thou, from whoſe all-gracious eye
The ſun of ſplendour beams;
Whoſe glories ev'ry ray ſupply,
That gilds the trembling ſtreams;

O'er Nature's green and teeming fields
Bid flow'ry graces riſe,
And ev'ry ſweet Creation yields
Salute the morning ſkies.

Where yonder moves the plough of toil
Along the ſtubborn land,
O kindly lift the yielding ſoil,
And ſoothe the lab'ring hand.

Thence bid gay Fruitfulneſs around
Her blooming reign extend;
And where thy richeſt gifts are found,
Tell who the heav'nly Friend.

As with her ſmiles, Life's weary vale
Is gentler trod below;
With thine, the cloſing home we hail,
That ſhuts us in from Woe!

Till that celeſtial home is ours,
Let us its Lord implore,
Content may cheer our pilgrim hours,
And guide us to the door.

SUMMER.

BRIGHT Summer beams along the ſky,
And paints the glowing year;
Where'er we turn the raptur'd eye,
Her ſplendid tints appear!

Then when ſo fit to lift the ſong
To gratitude and Heav'n,
To whom her purple charms belong,
From whom thoſe charms are giv'n?

Thee, thee, Almighty King of kings,
Man worſhips not alone;
Each budding flow'r its incenſe brings,
And wafts it to thy throne.

The

The fields with verdant mantle gay,
The grove's ſequeſter'd walks,
All, all around, thy praiſe diſplay,
And dumb Creation talks.

When Morn, with roſy fingers fair,
Her golden journey takes;
When freſh'ning Zephyrs fan the air,
And Animation wakes;

Man ſtarts from emblematic death,
And bends the grateful knee
To welcome with tranſported breath
New light, and life, and Thee!

When Noon averts his radiant face,
And ſhuts his piercing eye;
And Eve, with modeſt meaſur'd pace,
Steps up the weſtern ſky,

Repos'd beneath thy guardian wings
The pious mortal reſts;
Nor knows one watchful care that ſprings
Within unholy breaſts.

When

What then, if pealing thunders roll,
If lightnings flaſh afar!
Undaunted hears his fainted ſoul
The elemental war.

'Tis but to him a parent's voice,
That bleſſes while it blames;
That bids unburden'd air rejoice,
And life and health proclaims.

Night's deepeſt gloom is but a calm,
That ſoothes the wearied mind;
The labour'd day's reſtoring balm,
The comfort of mankind.

O thus may Heav'n and holy Peace
Smooth ſoft the rocks of age;
Till Thou ſhalt bid Exiſtence ceaſe,
And tear its blotted page:

Till ſtorms no more, or tempeſts rage,
And Death's dark vale I ſee;
That vale, which through the ſhadowy grave
But leads to Heav'n and Thee!

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN.

FAIR Autumn ſpreads her fields of gold,
And waves her amber wand;
See earth its yellow charms unfold
Beneath her magic hand!

Unrivall'd Beauty decks our vales,
Bright Fruitfulneſs our plains;
Gay Health with Chearfulneſs prevails,
And ſmiling Glory reigns.

To Thee, great lib'ral Source of all,
We ſtrike our earthly lyre;
Till Fate our riſing ſoul ſhall call,
And Angels form the choir.

The ſplendour that enchants our eyes,
Reminds us of thy fame;
The bleſſings that from earth ariſe
Thy generous hand proclaim.

The plenty round our meadows ſeen
Is emblem of thy love;
And harmony that binds the ſcene,
The peace that reigns above.

Beneath the ſickle, ſmiling round,
And in deſtruction fair,
The golden harveſt ſtrews the ground,
And ſhuts the labour'd year.

Man drops into refreſhing reſt,
And ſmooths his wearied brow;
With rural peace the herds are bleſt,
And Nature ſmiles below!

O let thy hand, parental King,
Be open to our pray'rs!
Unlock ſweet Plenty's lib'ral ſpring,
And ſhow'r untainted airs.

And ſend me thro' life's noiſeleſs way,
With Innocence my guide;
Let no temptations bid me ſtray,
And leave her angel ſide!

O let the bird of tuneful breath,
The beaſt that friſks on earth,
The fiſh that ſports the wave beneath,
Enjoy their ſhort liv'd mirth!

Let no rude inſtrument of Fate
Arreſt the flutt'ring wing;
No horns re-echo at my gate,
That ſmiles and ſlaughter bring;

No quav'ring line, with tortur'd ſnare
In agonizing fraud,
Explore the ſtreams, that flow ſo fair,
To tempt the wat'ry lord!

That Mercy which to man is giv'n,
So ſweet with dewy eyes,
O let it ſeek its native Heav'n,
When gentle Pity dies!

WINTER.

HARK! 'twas dark Winter's ſullen voice,
That told the glooms that reign'd;
That bade the plains no more rejoice,
And all the waves be chain'd!

And ſee green Autumn dies away;
The pallid ſire is come!
The plains his ſhiv'ring rules obey,
And every wave is dumb!

Yet ſtill with cheerful heart I pace
The whiten'd vale below:
And ſmile at every printed trace
I leave upon the ſnow.

Thus (ſoft I whiſper to my breaſt,)
Man treads life's weary waſte;
Each ſtep that leads to better reſt
Forgot as ſoon as paſt!

For

For what is life and all its bliſs?
The ſplendour of a fly;
The breathing of the morning's kiſs;
A ſummer's fluſhing ſky.

Diſmantled lies the gaudy fly;
Morn droops at Evening's frown;
And Summer, tho' ſo gay her eye,
Tempeſtuous terrors crown!

Yes, Lord; but ſhoots no gladd'ning day
Thro' this nocturnal ſcene?
Decks not one gem of lively ray
Grief's darkſome wave unſeen?

How ſweet the evergreen beguiles
The gloom of yonder ſnow!
Thus Virtue cheers, with endleſs ſmiles,
Life's wintry waſte of Woe.

Howl then, ye ſtorms; ye tempeſts, beat
Round this unſhrinking head!
I know a ſweet, a ſoft retreat
In Virtue's peaceful ſhed!

Drive down, ye hails; pour ſnows and winds,
Pale terror where I ſtray!
My foot a path, yet verdant, finds
Where Virtue ſmooths the way!

O Thou, by whoſe all-gracious hand
The cherub Mercy ſtands,
Smiling, at each divine command,
With fondneſs o'er the lands;

O let me ne'er with marble eye
Pale ſhiv'ring Want reject,
Where mourns the long, the deep-drawn ſigh
The anguiſh of neglect!

While lordly Pride and cuſhion'd Eaſe
Petition's tear deſpiſe;
O let this hand the mourner raiſe,
And wipe her ſtreaming eyes!

When Death ſhall call me to my Lord,
To bow beneath his throne;
His praiſe be the divine reward,
That charity has won.

There,

There, where no wintry ſtorms affright,
No tempeſts ſhake the pole;
No gloomy ſhades of dreary night
Appall the waking ſoul;

There let me ever hymn, adore,
And love th' immortal King;
Love, while dread Winter breaks no more
Th' eternity of Spring!

THE

PALACE OF PLEASURE;

AN

ALLEGORICAL POEM,

IN TWO CANTOS.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF

SPENSER.

Fior senza frutto.

PETRARCH.

A flow'r, from whose contracted root
Ne'er blush'd to life the nectar'd fruit.

——————τὸ μοι τὰν
Καρδίαν ἐν ϛήθεσιν ἐπτόασεν
Ὡς ἴδην σε, βρόϊχον ἴμμι γὰρ ἀυδᾶς
Οὐδὲν ἔϑ' ἦκει·
— — — —
— — — —
——τεθνᾶναι δ'ὀλίγω δέωσα
Φάινομαι ἄπτονος.

SAPPHO.

Amid the Roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest!.....

THOMSON.

GLOSSARY

OF THE

OLD ENGLISH WORDS USED BY SPENSER,

And found in the following Poem.

ANON—forthwith, preſently.
Aſkew— aſide.
Ay—always.

Bale—miſery.
Benempt—named.
Beſeem—ſeem.
Beſprent—ſprinkled.

Certes—indeed, certainly.
Clepe—call.

Daz'd—dazzled, præt. of daze.
Deftly—ſkilfully.
Dight—clad, adorn'd.
Diſpread—ſpread.

Eath—eaſy
Ee—eye.
Eftſoons—ſoon afterward.
Eld—Time.
En—is often uſed at the end of a word to lengthen the metre; as, fledden, fled; decayen, decay; and alſo to denote the participle; as, they were wrappen, they were wrapped, &c.
Erſt—once, formerly.
Eyne—eyes.

Foeman—foe, enemy.

'Gan—began; præt. of begin.

Hight—called, named.

Imp—child, offſpring.

Kemb—comb; præt. kempt.

Leman—miſtreſs, concubine.
Liſt—deſire, chooſe.

Mickle—much, great.
Moe—more.
Mote—might; verb ſubſtant.

Nathleſs—nevertheleſs.
Ne—no, not, nor, neither.

Palmer—pilgrim; ſo called from a bough of the palm-tree, which thoſe who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land carried in their journey.
Plain—lament, complain.
Pleaſaunce—pleaſure.

Rabblement—diſorderly aſſemblage, tumultuous mob.
Riſe—frequent, abundant.

Say—a kind of ſilken cloth.
Sheen—ſhine; præt. ſheen'd.
Sheening—ſhining.
Shent—puniſhed.
Sooth—indeed.
Souvenance—remembrance.
Stote—ſtout, ſtrong.

Tote—taught.

Unweeting—ignorant, unknowing.

Wail—lamentation.
Ween—think, ſuppoſe, imagine.
Wexing—growing, increaſing, becoming.
Whiles—while.
Wight—man, perſon.
Wis—think, ſuppoſe, imagine.
Won—dwelling, houſe.
Wot, or *wote*—know, to be certain.

Y—is often uſed at the beginning of a word to lengthen the metre; as, yſtall, ſtall; yborn, born, &c.
Yclept—called, named; præt. of clepe.
Yfere—together.
Yſtalled—live, dwell.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WHEN it is urged with respect to the present English phraseology, that expressive, as well as elegant language, can never be wanting to the choice of an Author, upon whatever subject his pen is employed, it will, without doubt, be a sufficient apology for the simple style and obsolete diction occasionally found in the following Poem to premise, that custom has long established the manner of Spencer as a model for Allegorical Composition*. The present imitation of the verse of that immortal Poet is accompanied with language that may to some ears border upon the ludicrous; this, however, as an Annotator on Thomson somewhere observes, is necessary to bring it to a greater degree of perfection; and, in fact, it

* Vide West's Education, Thomson's Castle of Indolence. —Pope's Temple of Fame is the only exception to the general rule the Author ever met with.

not only renders the imitative stile more like the original, but tends to add considerably to that unstudied harmony and simplicity of nature, which so attract and amuse the mind in studying the Bard of Mulla's admirable effusions. Where the allegory is wanting in the survey of human life, the youth and inexperience of the Author will, it is hoped, be brought to the recollection of the excusing Reader; and the moral, never to be too often repeated, that is drawn from it, which endeavours to correct the vices of the age by shewing the frightful landscape that terminates the alluring path of sinful Pleasure, supply the defects of a Muse, who is entering into public in her sixteenth year, bashful on her first exhibition, and listening with trembling expectation, as she passes, to the shouts of disapprobation or applause that burst from the surrounding multitude.

J. H. L. HUNT.

THE

THE

PALACE OF PLEASURE.

CANTO I.

The Palace hight of Pleaſure fair,
And all its ſheen delight,
Where rapture of deceitful lure
Enchants the mortal wight.

I.

CERTES it is, and Saints have whilom ſaid,
That worldly Pleaſure is but worldly Woe,
In the hot boſom of the Paſſions bred,
Cradled by Tempeſts that ay rage and blow,
And taught ne virtue, ne advice to know:
Then comes a fickly ſunſhine deadly warm,
Shedding a gilded peſtilence below;
Within its beam faſt fades the waſting form,
Till night and cloud ſucceed, and turbulence and ſtorm.

II.

There is, ywaſhed by the murm'ring main,
A Fairy land, yclept Temptation's Iſle,
So fair, it ſeem'd as Eden there had lain,
Such ſweet Enchantment o'er the coaſt doth ſmile!
And ah! poor mortal wight it doth beguile
With waving trees that deck the ſhores around,
Which to the ſight ne things unclean defile,
And velvet fields that glitter o'er the ground,
And purling ſtreams, and groves with tufted verdure crown'd.

III.

The circling ſea, that gliſtens round the coaſt,
Doth all beſeem of cryſtal glaſs, I ween,
Whoſe oily wave ne ſhip hath ever toſt,
Ne ſtormy death defil'd its waters ſheen;
But all around is gentle ſmoothneſs green,
And tint cærulean on the ocean dy'd;
And whiſp'ring breezes fan the luring ſcene:
For ne rude winds do rouſe the ſleeping tide,
Ne bluſt'ring blaſts deform'd, with tempeſt at their ſide.

IV.

And on the air are dulcet chantings heard,
That trip to ſound of ſoul-delighting lyre;
Yet ne in all their ſong one mournful word,
Ne plaintive ſtrain that muſing mote inſpire,

But

But lively notes which gaiety yfire,
Such as that noble harper, Orpheus hight,
Did ſing to brutes, who wonder'd at the wire,
And with uncouth rejoicing would delight
To dance along the woods, in rugged liv'ry dight.

V.

And right aloud the joyous birds did ſing,
With melody confus'd that fill'd the ſky:
The ſoaring lark, with tawny-dappled wing,
And humbler linnet with his gentle eye,
And gorgeous finch, with breaſt of golden dye;
Ne fear'd the bright canary there to dwell,
Ne chatt'ring thruſh that peeps with glancing fly;
But ne ſad nightingale mourn'd o'er the dell,
Ne owl with flapping wings ſhrieking the notes of Hell.

VI.

Eke the bright Sun, as though he had ſtood ſtill,
Sheen'd o'er the beauteous land each rolling day;
And ting'd with gold the top of ev'ry hill,
And in each vale with burniſh'd ſplendour lay;
So that Dame Nature did for aye look gay:
For though dark night ycame with viſage ſtern,
Yet then would Art his copied flame diſplay,
And on each tree a hundred lamps yburn,
Which did new day relume, and gloom to radiance turn.

With

VII.

With eyne faſt fixing on this lovely ſight,
And fill'd with wonder at th' enchanting ſcene,
Upon the adverſe ſtrand a valiant knight
Stood wrapt in thought; his ſtill and eager mien
Betray'd how much the land, ſo ſweet and green,
In vernal beauty all delightful dreſs'd,
Charm'd his enraptur'd ſoul: for, well I ween,
He wiſh'd upon the goodly ſhore to reſt,
Yet ſaw ne look'd-for boat to eaſe his longing breaſt.

VIII.

Sudden ſweet ſounds of mellow ſymphony,
In tender undulations ſwell'd on air;
New ſplendour ſeem'd to fluſh the glowing ſky,
And Nature riſe with viſage doubly fair;
Soft whiſp'ring breezes breathing gently near;
Dropping rich perfume from each fanning wing,
Brought the ſmooth numbers to his raptur'd ear;
While Summer, putting on the robe of Spring,
'Gan from his radiant lap the verdant flow'rets fling.

IX.

Anon a ſilver cloud roll'd fair along;
When lo! quick op'ning on the beaming day,
It rent its ſwelling ſide; and, with a ſong
Burſting in melody confus'd and gay,

A tribe

A tribe of airy ſylphs in wanton play,
Broke forth, and forming ſportive dance divine,
Around th' admiring knight, in ſunny ray
Chanted ſweet hymns to Bacchus god of wine,
And Her, round whoſe fair brow the graceful myrtles twine.

X.

Now here, now there their colour'd wings they threw
With many a mirthful movement twirling round;
And zones they carried of the rainbow's hue
With golden buckles ſplendidly ybound,
Which they unloos'd and droppen on the ground,
That Sport might be all eaſy, briſk, and light:
For none among them mournful was there found,
That Merriment and Joy could ne delight; [bright.
But laugh'd the wantons loud, and wav'd their pinions

XI.

Sudden they ſnatch'd Sir Guyon up on high,
Unweeting whether good or harm would be,
While drowſy ſleep came heavy on his eye,
And all forgotton was their laughing glee:
The verdant lawn, ſmooth meadow, and green tree,
And cloud, and ſylphs quick faded from his thought,
And ſportive dance ne longer could he ſee!
Muſic ne moe ſweet harmony ybrought,
Ne ſea, ne iſle, ne ſkies his eyne enchanted ſought.

Soft

XII.

Soft on the dewy graſs that fring'd the iſle
The lovely ſpirits laid their ſleepy load;
Nor waken'd he, till Morn again 'gan ſmile,
And murm'ring Ocean round her mantle flow'd;
When to his couch of green as ſoft ſhe trod,
A beauteous virgin rous'd the wond'ring knight
With flowing hair tied up with pearly node,
Who at her ſide, with gather'd flow'rets dight,
Bore keys of glitt'ring gold, with frequent uſing bright.

XIII.

In her fair hand a bag full rich ſhe held,
With curious coins and antique monies ſtor'd;
Some with ſtamp eaten by devouring Eld,
And ſome that many a learn'd device afford
Of emp'ror noble, or Cæſarean lord:
And on her painted veſtment could be ſeen
Grim Runic rhymes that wars and blood applaud,
And letters obſolete and flow'rs all green,
And animal, and inſect, copied well, I ween.

XIV.

And her behind, with winning beauty mov'd
A virgin figure, crown'd with garlands fair,
And myrtles green, by Cytherea lov'd,
And many a jewel weav'd among her hair,

And

And diamonds gay, and preciou pebble rare;
One hand a burning heart did trembling hold
Ypierc'd with dart and flaming to the air,
And fetter'd all around with links of gold,
With purple drops beſprent, and never wexing cold.

XV.

Her other hand a glitt'ring goblet rais'd,
With mantling wine delicious to the taſte
Yſparkling fair, that with red ſplendour blaz'd,
And all around a mickle brightneſs caſt;
And on its ſide were carved forms ne chaſte
Of friſking Wantonneſs, and loving Dames,
And dancing Satyrs ne'er in ſport the laſt,
And lovely Nymphs that nouriſh'd Cupid's flames,
And many elſe, I wote, of leſs renowned names.

XVI.

Then thus the firſt fair form; "Thrice bleſt Sir Knight,
"Brought to this ſoil of health, and eaſe, and peace,
"Brought to this ſoil of ſplendour and delight,
"Where joys ay dwell, ay tranſport and increaſe,
"Where glad Eternity can never ceaſe,
"The Tree of Life awaits your hand, be wiſe;
"Pluck; feaſt with Heav'n: Pleaſure with joyous face
"Bade me conduct to her deſiring eyes [deſpiſe.
"The knight ſhe loves; her love the bold can ne'er

XVII.

" Me Curioſity men wrongly clepe;
" In Fairy-land ay higher name I bore,
" And hight Inquiry; the great key I keep
" Of ſage Philoſophy's celeſtial ſtore;
" This hand can ope gay Nature's hidden door,
" And give to youth the knowledge of old age:
" Come, follow me: let Love proceed before;
" Her cup will ſoon be thine, and Life's dark page
" Be fill'd with light and life: O follow, and be ſage."

XVIII.

She ſaid; the knight quick turn'd him and beheld
Bef ore his eyes all raviſh'd with delight,
A ſtately houſe with marble dome, that ſwell'd
Its poliſh'd beauties on the wond'ring ſight;
The fabric's ſelf with ſolid gold was bright,
On diamond pillars ſplendidly ylaid;
And pearly chimnies ever gay and white
The beamy day with perfumes rich repaid,
While raptur'd Zephyr ay his balmy pinions play'd.

XIX.

On a ſmooth lawn with verdure ever green,
The beauteous ſtructure caught the meeting eye;
Ne valley low withheld the glitt'ring ſcene,
Ne tufted grove where Hamadryad ſhy

Ne'er

Ne'er ſuffers Phœbus in her bow'rs to lie;
While luring pilgrim wight to ſtop his way,
Lay ſcatter'd round ſweet flow'rs of various dye;
Pink in a thouſand liv'ries richly gay,
Red roſe, and lily fair, that decks the breaſt of May.

XX.

Here on the graſſy meadow mote be ſeen
Gay troops of maids and youths in purple dight
Dancing in jollity along the green,
While pipe enliv'ning heighten'd the delight,
Reſponſive as the feet glanc'd on the ſight,
Twinkling in gay diſorder: there beyond,
Calm in the peaceful vale the loveſick wight
Stretch'd out repoſing on the verdant ground, [wound!
Dreamt of the darts of Love, and ah! how ſweet they

XXI.

Anon ſoft, tender voices breath'd on air,
"Come, valiant knight; come, valiant, bleſt, and wiſe;
"Come, Heav'ns beatitude yborn to ſhare,
"And learn to live, ne joy divine deſpiſe!
"Without what glories ſtrike thy raviſh'd eyes!
"O come, and ſee what glories ſhine within!
"Come; ſee where Pleaſure waits to give the prize
"Due to the charms her heav'nly Love that win!
"Enter; to come is bliſs, to ſtay deſpair and ſin!"

XXII.

The wond'ring knight, along whoſe breaſt, I ween,
Yſtole ſuſpicions foul of magic ſnare,
Snatch'd at his ſword; but this ſome ſprite unſeen
Had borne away; a pearly girdle fair
Supplied its dreadful place; and from his hair,
Where once pale Terror wav'd the nodding creſt,
Plumes that the gaudy peacock boaſts to wear,
Hung quiv'ring to the air; while o'er his breaſt
Soft flowing purple fell in folds that pict'ur'd reſt.

XXIII.

Again the call melodious breath'd on high,
Thrilling the raptur'd ſoul; the yielding knight
Shot on the palace door his ardent eye,
When ſudden floated from the realms of light
Sounds, that beſeem'd the touches of Delight,
The diapaſon of an Angel's lyre;
And ſlowly gliding backwards from the ſight,
The portals wide 'gan to the ſound retire,
And ſplendours burſten forth, and bright empyreal fire!

XXIV.

High on a glorious couch which far outſhone
The pomp of kingly pow'r and royal ſhew,
The gorgeous cuſhion, or the glitt'ring throne,
Or all the wealth earth proudly boaſts below,

The

The Fairy Pleaſure, with refulgent brow,
Reclin'd her dazzling form: one day of light
Circled her beaming head, and Beauty's glow
Spread o'er her lovely cheek its crimſon bright
While ev'ry luring look ſhot tranſport and delight!

XXV.

One hand ybore a caſket large and gay,
In which bright jewel, diamond, pearl all fair,
And coſtly gem in rich confuſion lay;
And od'rous frankincenſe, and ſpikenard rare,
And ſweetmeat, dainty and delicious fare,
And lady's toy ne uſeful and ne ſtout;
Yet, as unweeting how they valued were,
She ſcatter'd them her ſplendid ſeat about,
Till all the precious treaſure nigh had droppen out.

XXVI.

Her other hand upheld a glitt'ring chain
Of golden links yform'd, and made below
A vaſt round globe unmoving to ſuſtain,
On which a fairy tribe of ſtature low
And tender form tripp'd lightly to and fro,
Waving their wings whene'er her ſmile they ſpy;
Yet weak, I wote, and weary would they grow,
By long exertion, and to nothing die,
When quick another band upſtarted to the eye.

And

XXVII.

And on her breaſt a mimic Sun yſhone,
That dazzled bright the eyne of mortal men;
Till more familar with her they had grown,
And much its luſtre would decayen then:
For, when once gone, it ne yſheen'd again:
And her ſoft feet in down ywrappen were,
Made of the feath'ry wing of tender wren,
Which ſerv'd, I ween, for gentle buſkin fair,
When ſhe would riſe ſometime, tho' riſing was full rare.

XXVIII.

In her ſweet eyes Love, crown'd with melting rays,
Sat like a ſoft inchanter, binding all
The fetter'd ſoul in rapture and amaze,
Who by his luring magic doth recall
The ſadden'd wights of this terreſtrial ball
To feſtive merriment, and joy with ſmiles
Dimpled beneath her lips, and did yſtall
Within their ruby poutings, who beguiles
The tearful cares of man with his endearing wiles.

XXIX.

And all around her flow'rs of various hue,
And garlands green, and od'rous perfumes ſpread,
For winged boys did ay profuſely ſtrew
With ev'ry ſweet of earth her downy bed;

And

And gay they ſported o'er her lovely head,
And ſome with tender fans, that were ymade
Of wing of butterfly, the breezes led
To pay her charms obedience, and yplay'd
In airy circles round the couch were ſhe was laid.

XXX.

Behind her, warbling with delicious note,
Mild flutes and golden lyres breath'd ſoft delight,
And Harmony her gentle round did float,
And Melody with melting voice invite;
While fays, high ſeated upon thrones of light,
Sung ſweet enchanting words to ev'ry ſound:
So that ne mind, ne ſmell, ne ear, ne ſight,
Could wanten ought of pleaſures that abound,
So rife was ev'ry joy that mortals love yfound.

XXXI.

Midſt all this mingled world of harmony,
Up downy ſteps of pillows ſoft ymade
The knight with hurrying foot aſcended high,
Where Grace and Beauty were in radiance laid
To pleaſures glitt'ring couch; the muſic play'd
To livelier notes along his raptur'd ſoul;
While by her ſide the dame alluring babe,
The alter'd warrior reft; ne bluſh yſtole
O'er his gay cheek, ne'gan the tear repentant roll.

And

XXXII.

Anon there crowden round their wond'ring gueſt
Gay winged nymphs in colour'd robes array'd;
This hung a ſparkling jewel on his breaſt,
Or round his neck the circling garland laid,
With many a pearly bead and jewell'd braid;
That ſcatter'd perfume o'er his purple dreſs,
Or dropp'd the liquid odours on his head;
Theſe with fair arms his eaſy feet careſs,
Or kemb his waving locks, that wreaths of roſes preſs.

XXXIII.

Firſt Delicacy ſoft with languid eye
Swam ſmooth along; while o'er her lily cheek,
A veil of ſhadowing ſilk flow'd careleſsly
Sweeping her ſnowy boſom: for the ſhriek
Of fearful woe, if once the ſun-beam ſeek
Her face unveil'd, burſt piercing on the air
From her averted lips; and mild and meek
The buzzing fly brought grief and wild'ring fear,
If once her ears he bore his drowſy piping near.

XXXIV.

Then Flatt'ry with her dimpled cheek approach'd
Low bending down her face that ſecret ſmil'd,
And ſlow came on, as if ſhe had encroach'd
Upon his time, and all the way beguil'd

With

With ſcatter'd incenſe, tho' ne thing defil'd
Her ſcented progreſs; then within his ear
She pour'd exalting words and praiſes wild,
Tho' ne, I wis, one did her boſom bear,
But all were form'd without of bubble and of air.

XXXV.

Next Gaudineſs her colour'd mantle ſpread
Upon the dazzled ſight with ſpangles bright
Of ſolar luſtre: on her ſparkling head
Mov'd a gay butterfly all richly dight
With ev'ry colour of the bow of light,
Whoſe wide diſpread and tender wings ymade
A fluttering crown: while from an unſeen height
Profuſion ſcatter'd on the glitt'ring bed
Green em'rald, ſapphire blue, and ruby's glowing red.

XXXVI.

And laſt came ſporting gaily on the air,
Young Wantonneſs, with red and fiery eyne,
Nathleſs in which ſome tender glances were;
And with arch look her head ſhe did incline,
And round her temples ivy leaves entwine,
Whiles in one hand ſhe bore a figure ſmall,
Copied from that which ſtill and ay will ſhine,
Beauty's reſplendent model, and of all
High Admiration claims, the wonder of the ball.

XXXVII.

Her other hand a globe of ſplendor bare
Pierc'd round with holes, from which there did ariſe
With od'rous perfume ſcenting all the air,
Enraptur'd whiſpers, and love-breathing ſighs,
And vows of conſtancy, and tender cries,
And now loud laughs that merriment denote
And fill with echoing joy the ſmiling ſkies,
And voices now of men right loud and ſtote,
And now of females ſoft and gentle maids, I wote.

XXXVIII.

Sudden the goddeſs took an iv'ry wand,
Which thrice ſhe wav'd on high as chalking round
Some airy circle with her magic hand,
Then droppen it as quickly on the ground;
When lo, Sir Guyon's eyne the portals found,
Whence came th' inferior deities who ſway'd
O'er Pleaſure's gay domain, while gentler ſound
Of tender lutes a melting concord made, [glade.
That ſeem'd to breathe without from ſome enchanted

XXXIX.

Firſt on a crawling ſloth ymounted went
Dull Indolence, with cheek of pallid hue,
And lazy head on heavy boſom bent,
And half-ſhut eyne thnt ſquinted all aſkew;

His

His jaw-bone eke unto his ſhoulder grew,
That never manlier was ylifted high ;
And wrapp'd he was in garments ne ſo few ;
For downy veſtments hid each moveleſs thigh,
That from his temples hung, and ſhrowden o'er his eye.

XL.

And in one hand a bitter bowl he held,
Fill'd with the turbid ſtream of Lethe drear,
Whoſe mould'ring ſides were gnawn away by Eld ;
For ne about it did he taken care :
And in the other he did faintly bear
A bunch of poppies, which by bards are ſaid
To grow where Somnus' darkling manſions are ;
And eke with theſe he beat his drowſy head,
And totter'd on his way, and ſeem'd to wiſh for bed.

XLI.

And next to him ſtretch'd ſluggliſhly along,
In velvet couch on bloated genii rais'd,
Went gorgeous Luxury, with dance and ſong,
And dainty meats attended ; while he blaz'd
With pearls and gold that ſhrinking viſion daz'd ;
And all the way he eaten ſome of food,
Or with his mutt'ring lips the liquor prais'd ;
And ſeem'd to think that nought beſide was good
But Gluttony and Wealth, whoſe bleſſings he had woo'd.

XLII.

And after him a lovely female form
Tripp'd blithe along her ſoul-enliv'ning way,
Ycleeped Beauty; Health in bluſhes warm,
And thouſand charms her glowing cheeks array;
Her eyne with Love's reſiſtleſs glances play:
While in one hand a ſweet Narciſſus flow'r
She carried ſoft with lily colour gay,
Benempt from that bright youth, who in ſad hour
Pin'd for his own fair face, while Echo's had ne pow'r.

XLIII.

A youth enchain'd adorn'd her other hand;
Certes he was a lovely little boy:
His eyne were hidden by a ſilken band,
Which nathleſs did his beauty ne deſtroy;
And o'er his ſhoulder, ah! deſtructive toy!
A golden quiver ſtock'd with darts he bore,
With which ungarded hearts he doth annoy:
For tho' ſo ſmall, yet can he wounden ſore,
And bid the mournful breaſt be glad and gay ne more.

XLIV.

And little winged imps around her head
Friſk'd on the air; ſome carried torches ſheen,
Which double luſtre o'er the day did ſpread,
As tho' the ſun had wanting ſplendour been;

And

And ſome bore pierc'd and bleeding hearts, I ween,
Which others aimed at in cruel ſport
With poiſon'd darts, and ſeemed full of ſpleen;
Tho' in their face they look'd of joyous ſort,
And whirlen up and down, as fairy had them taught.

XLV.

At each gay ſtep ſhe took her path along,
Soft virgins ſcatter'd Maia's flow'rets fair,
And other ſweets that to her reign belong,
And all Pomona's juicy dainties rare,
The beauteous ornaments of Summer's wear;
And at her feet blaz'd crowns of glorious hue,
That fill'd with ſplendour all the ſheening air,
Which kings and cæſars ay before her threw:
To ſuch a peerleſs maid is royal ſervice due.

XLVI.

And her behind danc'd frolicſome Deſire,
With ivy crown'd in myrtle green entwin'd;
Her rolling eyne did mirth and love inſpire,
And fill'd with ardent hope the youthful mind;
And with delightful garland did ſhe bind
The bending horns of a hot-blooded goat,
Which wanton'd wild and joyouſly behind,
And ſometimes rollen on his rugged coat,
All ſly with leering look, which ſhe had him ytote.

And

XLVII.

And eke within her boſom there was lain
A ſecret fire, which ne did hurt the heart ;
But all ythrillen with a pleaſant pain,
That in its pleaſaunce did forget its ſmart ;
And ne'er from its ſair won would it depart,
But gain'd freſh fuel from each am'rous thought;
And round her did from unſeen ſtations ſtart
Diſporting ſatyrs, merriment that taught,
And with their friſking ways the lips to laughter brought.

XLVIII.

And after her came ſoul-enliv'ning Joy,
With ivy thyrſus in his waving hand,
Which, if well water'd, Eld can ne deſtroy ;
And gay ſhe flouriſh'd high this verdant wand,
Which (minſtrels ſing) the noiſy dancing band
Of drunken ſatyrs mix'd with maidens fair
Carried, as Liber's jovial laws command,
With curling ſerpents twin'd within their hair,
With ſhouts of triumph mad filling the ſounding air.

XLIX.

Sooth loud ſhe laughen all the way ſhe went,
And tripp'd and turned on her wanton heel ;
For all her ſoul to merriment was bent,
Ne did one diſmal thought her boſom feel,

No

Ne in her heart had pain once thruſt his ſteel;
And on Deſire ay fixen was her view,
Eyne that did Rapture's ſwimming rays reveal,
And were, I wote, of ſweet celeſtial blue:
Right blithſome danc'd ſhe on, the merrieſt of the crew.

L.

And her behind, a moſt delightful train,
With joyous ſtep tripp'd cheerfully along,
Of lovely crowned boys, who ſeem'd to reign
O'er all the actions of the ſportive throng;
And regulated they each merry ſong,
Beating the ſprightly time with iv'ry wand
On golden globes upheld by ſilken thong:
Soft ſtole the meaſur'd tinkling from their hand,
Soothing with even ſounds ſymphonious, clear, and bland.

LI.

And after them flew youthful genii high,
Cloth'd all in airy robes of ſtreaming light;
Stars ſeem'd to glitter in each ſparkling eye,
So bright and piercing was their eagle ſight:
And on his head echone bore, large and bright,
A glorious ſun that flamed forth to view,
Like ſome tall ſpire to trav'lling weary wight,
That gliſtens in the ſky ſerene and blue,
From wiſh'd-for village church to ſouvenance ne new.

And

LII.

And in their hands ſweet inſtruments they bore
Of heav'nly muſic rapt'rous to the ear;
But ne fierce trumpets which do grieven ſore
The widow'd dame, and give her quaking fear;
Sounds that to warrior bold is pleaſaunce dear;
Ne harſh reſounding drums that call to war,
And rouſe the ſleeping ire of battle drear,
Ne ſounding clarions that the foemen draw,
To mortal fight, I ween, ne know ſoft Pity's law.

LIII.

But breath'd they, well I wis, the blander ſound
Of other numberleſs ſoft notes yplay'd
To gentle water-falls that daſh'd around
A murm'ring melody, and concord made,
With ſweeter ſkill than Nature e'er diſplay'd;
Some holden ſhepherd pipes of rural charm,
That float ſo tender thro' the bower'd glade;
And ſome mild lutes that Anger's rage diſarm,
And ſound ne furious fight, ne bellow rude alarm.

LIV.

And ſome thro' mellow horn delightful pour'd
Their quiv'ring breath, as if along the wood
Chaſte Dian with her nymphs the ſteps explor'd
Of ſavage boar, that wets his tuſks with blood,

Or

Of wily fox, ſad foe to chicken brood;
And ſome deliciouſly the flute inſpir'd,
That warbles to the caſcade's tumbling flood;
While others by Dan Phœbus' ſpirit fir'd,
Their voice attemp'red ſweet, of melody ne'er tir'd.

LV.

And laſt, to cloſe the fine majeſtic ſight,
A lovely chorus, crown'd with laurel green,
Of beauteous girls, in flowing purple dight,
Chaunted tranſporting hymns of joy, I ween,
Exalting the gay palace and its queen,
And all the way diſpredden they her praiſe,
Like thoſe fair boys at Grecian worſhip ſeen,
That did in ſongs their heroes' glories raiſe,
And all their noble deeds and valiant actions blaze.

LVI.

Now paſs'd along this glitt'ring rabblement,
And circled thrice the palace till they drew
In trained majeſty, to where intent
Upon the ſhew with fix'd and wond'ring view
The knight ſtill nouriſh'd admiration new;
Then on their knees before their dame on high,
Who ſatten by his ſide, themſelves they threw;
When thus, ariſing with moſt lovely eye,
She wav'd her lily hand, and ſpoken gracefully.

LVII.

" What are the joys that mortals can beſtow ?
" Pleaſures as ſoon as they ariſe that fly,
" The fading ſweetneſs of the flow'rs that blow,
" The paſſing ſplendour of a ſummer's ſky:
" With my delights can ſuch rejoicing vie ?
" Short perfume give the roſes gay and red,
" For in a day they droop, they fade, they die;
" But ſee Arabia from her ſcented head
" With endleſs odours rich the flow'ry landſcape ſpread.

LVIII.

" Such are the charms that real joy can boaſt,
" That joy which only dwells where I reſide;
" That joy which only loves this beauteous coaſt,
" And vows with me for ever to abide.
" Each ſweet of Heav'n is waiting at my ſide;
" With me the day with clouds is ne'er o'er-caſt;
" O'er placid Night the ſtars for ever ride;
" With me gay Fancy is herſelf ſurpaſs'd,
" And bliſs, conſummate bliſs, by mortals gain'd at laſt.

LIX.

" The rapt'rous cup I offer to mankind,
" Nobles and monarchs have rejoic'd to ſhare;
" Heroes have erſt upon this breaſt reclin'd,
" Ne gods themſelves diſdain'd to call me fair;

" Chains

" Chains were mine eyne, and fetters was my hair.
" Do mortals then preſume to call me vile,
" To ſay my palace is the den of care;
" To ſay that ſerpents in my dimples ſmile,
" And fatal venom black, and wretchedneſs, and guile?

LX.

" This precious caſket that adorns my hand,
" The gods above yform'd for my delight;
" Fair Venus brought it me by their command,
" And gave the prize with ev'ry beauty dight:
" Cupid, the beauteous boy, was in affright,
" Leſt I ſhould ſpoil his quiver of its ſtore;
" For all bow'd low before my piercing ſight,
" Ne thought of him the blinded urchin more,
" Ne ſought his altars lorn, ne did the god adore.

LXI.

" In this my houſe no raging paſſions ſtorm,
" Anger, ne envy, ne revengeful hate;
" Ne ſullen woes the gay abode deform;
" Ne harſh decrees of life-deſtroying fate;
" Eternal ſunſhine beams before my gate;
" The tender pleaſures round me ever dance,
" Society, ne ſerious and ſedate,
" Soft Friendſhip, fam'd to ſmooth the rocks of chance,
" And Love, that doth the ſoul in rapt'rous dreams entrance.

" Here

LXII.

" Here, if the fainting palmer ſeek repoſe,
" Pillows of down await his weary head,
" Sleep with ſmooth hand his heavy eyne to cloſe,
" Muſic divine to warble round his bed,
" And the rich feaſt with mantling goblets ſpread:
" Here trip the Cyprian nymphs ay blithe and gay,
" Tempting with ruby lips, and cheeks as red;
" Here the light Loves and wanton Zephyrs play,
" And Spring for ever ſmiles, for ever gems the day!

LXIII.

" Come then, ye trav'llers in the vale of life,
" Ye, whoſe ſad cheeks are wet with falling tears,
" Ye, who have battled in the ſcenes of ſtrife,
" And ye, who tremble with appalling fears;
" Here drop your burdens, here lay up your cares:
" Here without fooliſh labour ſhall ye find
" Riches, and Peace, that ay ſmooth forehead wears,
" And pleaſures never to be left behind;
" Come then, ye mortals, come; come, O ye wiſe
mankind!"

LXIV.

Mild as the whiſpers of enraptur'd Love,
Fell the ſoft muſic of her magic tongue!
Dew ne'er dropp'd ſofter from the ſkies above,
Nor on the hive a ſweeter nectar hung!

Perſuaſion

Perſuaſion never had ſo deftly ſung:
For, when ſhe ended her melodious ſpeech,
A ſtill enchantment pour'd the train among:
Rapture did chain applauſe from futile reach,
And Silence, ſwaying all, unutter'd praiſes teach!

LXV.

Sir Guyon lay entranc'd upon his bed,
At the harmonious voice that caught his ear,
Till with a ſoft careſs ſhe rais'd his head,
And to her ſide with mildneſs brought him near,
Bidding him ne her dazzling ſplendor fear;
And with ſweet words, ſhe did the knight allure,
With dainty ſpeeches, and embraces dear,
So that ne chaſtity he would endure,
But called her his own, himſelf her paramour!

END OF CANTO I.

THE

THE

PALACE OF PLEASURE.

CANTO II.

THE

PALACE OF PLEASURE.

CANTO II.

The horrors and tremendous ſcenes,
Which ſad Sir Guyon ſhent;
Till from above Religion fair
Brought Glory and Content.

I.

Ah me! how Pleaſure doth the ſoul enthrall!
How lure mankind with her accurſed charms!
How bid the learned and the hero fall;
And teach the ſtrong to melt within her arms!
E'en modeſty, ſweet maiden fair, ſhe warms,
If once ſhe kiſs her lovely bluſhing cheek,
Away th' endearment chaſter thought alarms,
And ſoon the ſenſes joys untaſted ſeek;
Till this heav'n-moulded frame ſinks down unnerv'd and weak!

II.

Aſk ye a witneſs this lament to prove?
Roam where Italia boaſts her heav'nly ſky;
There o'er the tombs of Death and Mem'ry rove,
Till the ſad ſculptur'd marble meet thine eye,
In which Urbino's mould'ring relics lie!
Then pauſe and weep! O weep to think how low
Great Raphael fell, and from a throne how high
To ſhameful death! O let the tear-drops flow,
For ne'er before was known ſuch cauſe of wail and woe!

III.

Full ſev'n bright months the knight in joying ſpent,
Feaſts, and gay dances, and rich maſquerade,
And unchaſte Love's delicious merriment,
That maketh ſtrength to flag and cheeks to fade:
Now thro' ſome bow'ring copſe or leafy glade
He tripp'd with lovely nymphs in ſprightly round,
To the ſoft ſound that flute enchanting made;
Now lay on velvet ſpread along the ground,
While muſic ſwell'd on high, that Orpheus might aſtound.

IV.

Soon as the morning o'er the verdant iſle
Pour'd the bright rays from forth her ſplendid eyne,
And waken'd Nature all around 'gan ſmile
To ſee her offspring dight ſo gay and fine,

Soft-

Soft-falling perfumes, as a dainty ſign
Of dawning day, did on Sir Guyon ſhow'r
Around the couch where ſleep did him recline;
Eftſoons then roſe he to ſalute the hour,
Or ſtill yſlumber'd on with his fair paramour.

V.

When 'twas his pleaſure to be rous'd, I ween,
Melodious voices 'gan ſalute his ear
Of lively nymphs, yclad in mantles ſheen,
Who round the bed, where with his leman dear
He wanton laid, in dances play'd yfere;
While, from unſeen muſicians there aroſe
Sweet mingled ſounds, repelling grief ſevere,
Of ſhepherd pipes, that chear the mountain brows,
And golden lyres renown'd for ſoothing royal woes.

VI.

Then walking forth, in lukewarm bath he dipp'd,
Still cheer'd by gentle voice of lyric muſe,
While a ſweet nymph that ſung as on ſhe tripp'd,
Came with a cup, in which ſhe did infuſe
Oblivion's ſoothing balm, that bids us loſe
All thought of what fell out the day before:
So that the preſent hour, when Pleaſure woos,
Doth ſeem to bring freſh glee unto our door,
And ev'ry taſte of joy enraptures more and more.

Now

VII.

Now from his ſide by velvet ſaſh ſhe hung
A glitt'ring ſword, but not for hardy fight:
For it was neither large, ne ſharp, ne ſtrong,
But made of rubies rare and jewels bright,
To grace the wearer, and to daze the ſight.
And ah! in theſe degen'rate days, alas!
Full many a uſeleſs youth, pert, vain and light,
We ſee in warlike toys all gayly paſs,
Laughing with vacant ſtare, like any trifling laſs.

VIII.

Thus proudly dight, fair Pleaſure led him on
To dainty feaſting ſpread on ſilken ſay,
Where Bacchus' richeſt treaſures ſparkling ſhone,
And all Pomona's juicy preſents lay:
Whiles ev'ry flow'r in Maia's ſcented ſway,
Breathing ſweet odours all the dainties crown'd;
And eke above their heads did Zephyr play
Among the whiſp'ring foliage with ſweet ſound,
And flutes, pipes, lyres, and zephyrs mix'd their warblings round.

IX.

Anon, when ended this delicious meal,
An hundred ſprightly nymphs, as fair as Morn,
Mov'd in the graceful dance, or tripp'd the reel,
Whoſe waving curls gay chaplets did adorn:

So

So ſkips the Perſian antelope, or fawn,
Of foreſt Windſor hight, renown'd in ſong
By Twick'nam's gentle ſwain. Ah knight forlorn!
By Pleaſure's bright allurements led along, [wrong.
Soon wilt thou ſhake thy head, and ſay that all was

x.

Through this enchanting ſpot there gently flow'd
A cryſtal river, hight the Stream of Bliſs,
On whoſe mild waves if any mortal rode,
Soft breathing airs his thrilling cheek would kiſs,
That ſeem'd to riſe from underneath, I wis;
And whilſt the waters 'gainſt the ſhore did move,
(A verdant ſhore, ſuch as of Thamus is,)
They made ſweet melody, and ſounds of love,
As if ſome poet ſwain was chanting thro' the grove.

xi.

And on its lovely ſhores with verdure green,
A thouſand flow'rs in painted ſplendour grew,
The bluſhing roſe, of floral plains the queen,
The modeſt lily of angelic hue,
The gorgeous ſun-flow'r, vi'let gaily blue,
Tulip, that boaſts the rainbow's varied ſtreaks,
The ſpeckled pink, heart's-eaſe for lover's true,
Primroſe, as fair as loveſick maiden's cheeks,
And ſerious poppy, ſweet to him that quiet ſeeks.

The

XII.

Eke where each winding bank turn'd graceful round,
A cooling bow'r entic'd with verdant ſhew,
Where fanning airs and whiſp'ring leaves were found,
And other blandiſhments that cares forego:
For there young Zephyr ay doth gently blow,
Waving his wings and warbling all the while
To the ſweet, ſaunt'ring, ſoothing, ſtream below;
And on its top did ſprightly Flora ſmile,
Wreathing her garlands gay to deck th' enchanting iſle.

XIII.

And round the beauteous landſcape graceful ſhone,
Shaded above with green o'erwaving bow'rs,
Delightful temples, white with Parian ſtone;
This the bright dwelling of the dancing hours,
That of dame Venus and the wanton pow'rs;
One where fair Beauty held her blooming ſway,
On which celeſtial odour ever ſhow'rs;
Another where gay Fancy's fairies play,
With rainbow-colour'd wings and eyes of glitt'ring day.

XIV.

On this delicious ſtream, when Noon's bright god
Pour'd flaming radiance o'er the cloudleſs ſky,
His tender feet with velvet ſandal ſhod,
Sir Guyon rode, while Pleaſure ſatten nigh:

Soft

Soft mov'd the boat, and ſoft the waves ran by,
Beneath the ſilver oars, to whoſe clear ſound
Reſponſive lutes form'd tender minſtrelſy;
Enraptur'd breezes bore the charm around,
And in one chain of joy all nature's works were wound.

XV.

And nodding graceful o'er the gurgling ſtream
The quiv'ring trees yform'd a trembling ſhade,
Dancing like airy viſion of a dream,
That ne'er one laſting fix'd impreſſion made:
And in their waving boughs the feather'd choir
Chanted ſweet carols from the bending ſpray:
While others glitt'ring in the noon-tide fire,
Spread broad their painted plumage to the day,
And twitt'ring high in air ſkimm'd far from earth away.

XVI.

Thus glorious all with gold and carvings rare,
The pois'nous goblet, mixt for black'ning death,
Invites the ſoul to quaff away its care,
Whiles Fate and Torment lie unſeen beneath:
Quick draughts are drawn; then groans the heaving breath;
Down falls the cup; and fall e'en monarchs muſt;
Strength, pow'r, pomp, wealth, and ah! the floral wreath
Of feſtive joy is trampled in the duſt;
And man, the lord of earth, of all her ſlaves the worſt.

Alluring

XVII.

Alluring ſmiles fair Pleaſure's lips array'd,
More pleas'd ſhe ſeem'd than e'er ſhe had before;
Yet ev'ry ſmile myſterious thoughts betray'd,
And her ſmooth aſpect joy unuſual wore:
In her white hand a ſilken fan ſhe bore,
Which ever and anon with head inclin'd
She held up to her eyes, that glanc'd the more
At the charm'd knight, as ſoft and ſlow the wind
Mov'd the gay boat along, who nought amiſs could find.

XVIII.

Still at the helm he ſat with tott'ring frame,
For Bacchus had abſorb'd his manly ſoul,
And ſtill he thought her lovely looks the ſame,
On whom was fix'd his ſtrong affection whole:
Now high th' encreaſing waves began to roll,
Yet ſo diverted was his fetter'd eye,
He thought himſelf ne haſt'ning to his goal,
Ne once abated the gay ſymphony
Of heav'nly muſic round, that did the waves belie.

XIX.

Looſe reel'd the boat; Sir Guyon, faſt enchain'd,
By the bright beauty of th' enchanting fair,
Mov'd not, ne turn'd, ne look'd about, ne plain'd
Of the big ſwelling of the ſtream ſo rare,

Ne

Ne heard the riſing winds that fill'd his hair,
Ne ſaw the tempeſt gath'ring o'er his head,
Or the black frown the ſtormy ſkies 'gan wear;
While dreadful glooms around the iſle were ſpread,
And clouds and thunder ſwell'd, all dreary, dark, and dread.

XX.

Sudden a direful noiſe re-echoed round;
The vengeful dæmons of the tempeſt roar;
The waters foam, upheaves the trembling ground,
And all th' enchanting harmony is o'er!
Pleaſure's gay veil, that once in pride ſhe wore,
Starts from her face; Hell rages in her eye;
Upon her ſhoulders dragon wings ſhe bore;
And loud and fierce was her hyæna cry!
He falls, he ſinks! the ſtorm roars loud, and paſſes by.

XXI.

O ye who e'er "with paſſions boiling high
Quaff with delight th' intoxicating bowl,"
That aſks the lip, and ſparkles in the eye,
Daſh from your ſight the poiſon of the ſoul:
From gay deceit the borrow'd ſplendour ſtole
Was mix'd by luring Pleaſure's fatal hand
With deadlier venom than the noiſome hole
Of the fierce viper breathes upon the land,
Or Araby's black wind that whirls the parching ſand.

XXII.

Tho' wooing ſmiles once deck her painted cheek,
Frowns will ſucceed that blacken e'en the night;
Frowns that can make the hardy warrior weak,
And ſmiling Beauty's vermil flow'ret blight!
Tho' warm her wooing, and her look tho' light,
Cold Care and icy Horror lurk beneath,
And Wearineſs, and Want with viſage white,
And ev'ry dæmon with envenom'd breath,
That weaves the web of Woe, and digs the grave of Death!

XXIII.

Dark rolling waves oppreſs'd Sir Guyon's head;
In vain he flounder'd in the whelming tide;
The waters breaking from their troublous bed
In roar confus'd along his temples glide!
Eftſoons the mighty ſwelling did ſubſide,
Low groan'd the hollow caverns deep below!
The burſting ground yawn'd hideouſly wide;
Down ſinks the hapleſs knight; the billows flow
Unheeded o'er his head, and rage and roar ne moe.

XXIV.

Anon his eyne wide op'ning, and his breaſt
Gath'ring its ſcatter'd thoughts, he ſees before
His tott'ring feet, that look'd in vain for reſt,
A gloomy wilderneſs, where tempeſts roar,

And

And Heav'n looks ever angry, from its ſtore
Of fiery vengeance pouring all around
Wind, ſtorm, and hail, and rain of dropping gore,
Thunder, yſhaking all the deſart ground,
And lightning's flaming ſhafts, that ſin and vice aſtound!

XXV.

Ne blooming flow'r the dreary landſcape knew,
Ne chearful tree, ne ſtreamlet gurgling flow,
Ne quiet glade, ne ſky of azure blue,
Ne level lawn, ne meadow green and low,
Ne any ſweet that fields delightful know.
Here ſpare and ragged, fate to mortal taſte,
The deadly nightſhade to the daylight foe,
Wav'd ſtill and ſolemn to the howling blaſt,
And the dark cypreſs bow'd amid the joyleſs waſte!

XXVI.

And where the middle of this deſart ſtood,
A languid ſtream with ſullen murm'rings flow'd,
Like that black river by the hero view'd
Benempt Æneas, when the ſhades he trod,
With Sybil wand'ring from her dark abode,
Ycleped Lethe, of oblivion hight
The gentle river, on which he who rode,
To quaff the water, quick forgotten quite
All paſt, and o'er again could ſip the ſame delight.

But

XXVII.

But ah! diverſe of theſe dire waves the taſte;
Which, when the lip had touch'd the nauſeous ſtream,
Call'd to the mind each ill that had gone paſt,
Each vice once ſlipt from mem'ry as a dream:
Then fierce Repentance riſing ſlowly came,
The genius of the river, from beneath,
And with rude ſcourges whipp'd the tortur'd frame;
Till, wond'rous, all the ſoul was calm and eath,
And bleſt Heav'ns juſt decrees, and grew reſign'd to death.

XXVIII.

Before that mortal man eſcapes this place
Theſe heavy waters dull muſt paſſed be;
Nathleſs they ſtarted at its horrid face,
Who went to paſs, and often back would flee,
Afraid its horrid aſpect e'en to ſee:
But bolder wights who held the other ſhore,
Gain'd from its terrors nought but liberty,
And reach'd a ſky that fadeleſs ſplendour wore, [roar.
Where ſtorms ne beat and blow, ne waters rage and

XXIX.

Much thought the knight upon the gloomy ſcene,
When ſudden yelling thro' the darken'd air,
As if all Tartarus diſſolv'd had been,
Legions of dæmons howl'd within his ear,

Starting

Starting from poſts unſeen, and ſent by Care,
From whom the horrid wilderneſs was hight,
To torture ſouls with vice that conquer'd were,
Hideous with ſcorpion tails and faces white
On coal-black bodies, fierce and horrid to the ſight!

XXX.

Now with rude talon ſharp they pierc'd his breaſt,
Or his ſide tortur'd with deep-goring horn:
Firſt one, more grim and loathſome than the reſt,
Shaking his ragged locks and cheeks forlorn,
A fiend of Filth and Diſſipation born,
Benempt Diſeaſe, from jaws all pois'nous ſhed
Venom ſo black, that it would darken morn,
Which pierc'd his marrow, and ſhot thro' his head,
And o'er the air around a foul contagion ſpread!

XXXI.

And him behind, another imp of hell,
With faded eyne, and face of ſallow hue,
While ever and anon a hollow yell
Shriek'd on the wind, upon his body flew,
With tiger claws ypinching it all blue:
And he was hight infernal Want, I ween,
Begot of the hag Pleaſure, mortal view
Deceiving, and th' inchanter, whoſe honſe ſheen,
By him, the rural bard*, ſo ſweet deſcrib'd hath been.

* Thomſon.

And

XXXII.

And next him ſtarted on the knight, I wot,
A moſt ſurpriſing fiend, whoſe viſage pale
Was branded all about with duſky ſpot
Made by the fiery iron, heavy bale
To him that doth with impious hand aſſail
The laws of righteous Juſtice; and he hight
Foul Infamy, ay driv'n by Woe and Wail,
And pointing Scorn of moderation light,
And brazen-tongu'd Reproach, ne ſilent in the night.

XXXIII.

Broad from the ſhoulders of this monſter rare
Wings, ſuch as hold in air the wabbling bat,
Caſt round a dreadful gloom upon the air,
The which beneath if mortal body ſat,
Cold ſhiv'rings ſeiz'd him, ſpirits waxed flat,
A thouſand noiſes bellow'd in his ear,
And mov'd he ay to this ſide and to that;
Nathleſs he ne eſcap'd the ſhadow drear,
Unleſs high pow'r came down his ſinking ſoul to chear.

XXXIV.

His face was pallid, and had horrid beak
Of owl projecting out, by which two eyes
That wink'd at light of day, roll'd on his cheek:
Oe'r them, if e'er he ſaw the morning ſkies,

His

His claws he layen would, till night ariſe ;
And eke his head was full of ears behind,
That nought Reproach's curſes mote diſguiſe,
Ne foul abuſe mote be diſſolv'd in wind ;
So that ne eaſe, ne reſt, ne comfort could he find.

XXXV.

And then a monſtrous rabblement there paſs'd
Of rude misſhapen wights, a horrid ſhew ;
Till ſlowly pacing onward came at laſt
A long, lean ſpectre, imp of Vice and Woe,
Hight Melancholy, with deportment low,
Whoſe moveleſs eye was fix'd upon the ground,
For ſhe was ay to light and day the foe ;
And o'er her head a ſweeping veil ſhe bound,
Which trailed long below, and ſwept upon the ground.

XXXVI.

But ſhe, I ween, was not that virgin mild,
The poet wooes along ſequeſter'd grove,
By bubbling ſtream or ruſtling tree beguil'd
To think of ſerious joy and heav'nly love,
Such as the ſongs of that high bard approve,
Dan Milton, warbler of ſeraphic lyre,
When in cool walk of ev'ning he would rove,
Daughter of bright-hair'd Veſta, and the Sire*
Of him 'gainſt whoſe high throne the Titans dar'd conſpire.

* See Il Penſeroſo.

XXXVII.

But ne divine was her deteſted form
Ne ſadly ſweet, ne melancholy mild;
Around her howling drove the black'ning ſtorm,
And o'er her burſt the tempeſt toſſing wild:
Ne was there ought in her that heart beguil'd
With luring grace; ne "eyne of dewy light,"
Ne ſoothing look; but front with frown defil'd,
Eye with wild terror hideouſly bright,
And ſteps that ſtarted quick, and wails that witch'd one white.

XXXVIII.

When'er the knight thought, mov'd, or look'd around
This horrid hag was frowning in his eye;
E'en tho' the other dæmons were not found,
Still all her horrors were for ever nigh:
If e'er he wiſh'd, his feet refus'd to fly,
And down he ſunk deſpairing on the earth;
In vain he begg'd with burning tears to die,
And curs'd the fatal hour that ſaw his birth,
And mourn'd remember'd vice, and wept forgotten worth.

XXXIX.

Full oft with weary ſtep he wander'd on,
O'er the wild landſcape dark with black'ning heath;
Full oft ſtopt ſadly where the cypreſs lone
Caught in its leaves the blaſt's envenom'd breath,

And

And weav'd with dropping tears the mournful wreath;
Then crown'd his head, and ſigh'd when mem'ry
thought,
Of the gay garlands on his temples eath
In Pleaſure's luring palace, dearly bought, [taught.
With pangs that rend the heart, ne peace, ne pity

XL.

Then on its gloomy bark his eyne would trace
Carv'd by the hand of ſolitary wight,
Names that once wander'd in this horrid place,
Once lay in the ſoft lap of gay delight,
And fell from ſunſhine into hideous night.
There ſaw he, pond'ring on their long-loſt pow'r,
Thoſe of the queen, who Cleopatra hight,
And famous Antony, her paramour,
Whoſe ſloth yloſt ſo oft Rome's greeneſt, gayeſt flow'r!

XLI.

Then Nero's name abhorred caught his eye
Stamp'd in red characters of human blood:
Him, the wild wretch of wanton cruelty,
Gay Pleaſure toſs'd within her whelming flood,
When to her arms the ſanguine tyrant woo'd
With joyous breaſt her glitt'ring goblet quaff'd,
While by his ſide his weeping country ſtood:
Yet ſtill his lips drew in the rapt'rous draught,
Nor ſtopt he once, unleſs when at her woes he laught.

XLII.

Next knew he fierce Domitian's hand, I wot,
Unmanly tort'rer of the harmleſs fly;
And him* that in Thalia's colour'd grot
Raptur'd with pencil gay the feaſted eye,
And that lamented youth †, whoſe hand could vie
With ſoft Italia's Prince of Painters gay:
O'er theſe two laſt full oft the tender ſigh,
That mourn'd their tempted youth and heedleſs play,
Breath'd o'er the gloomy heath, and brought the tear away.

XLIII.

Tir'd of the mournful taſk the weeping knight
Caſt on the earth his pale and ling'ring form,
When lo, bright burſting from the realms of light,
An angel figure ſtream'd before the ſtorm!
Where'er ſhe flew, the clouds no more deform
The clear blue ſky; all ſmiling was the ſcene;
Upon her cheek youth's bluſhes gay and warm
Were mixt with matron gravity; her mien
Beſpoke the ſeraph ſoul, majeſtic, ſweet, ſerene.

XLIV.

O'er her fair ſhoulders hung a robe of white,
Not gaudy, gay, or glitt'ring in the air,
But chaſte and plain it pleas'd the taſteful ſight,
And to the modeſt made its owner dear;

* Raphael. † Kirk.

Of

Of ebon colour was her flowing hair,
Type of grave judgment and exalted thought;
Upon her arm, like alabaſter fair,
Hung the bleſt Croſs, which peace and comfort brought,
And ſhe had eyes from which pain mote have pleaſure caught.

XLV.

By her right ſide a lovely gentle maid
Smil'd like a cherub on the raptur'd ſcene;
In attic robe her poliſh'd form array'd
Mov'd modeſt on; and from her eaſy mien
A thouſand winning graces, charms ſerene,
Raptur'd th' admiring ſoul; her graceful arm
Bore a ſmooth vaſe with cryſtal water ſheen
Fill'd to the brim: health gave her ev'ry charm, [calm.
And call'd her name Content, wiſe, humble, fair, and

XLVI.

And on her left a radiant figure ſhone,
Ycleeped Glory, clad in robes of light,
Upon her temples beam'd a golden crown,
Dazzling with pointed rays the ſhrinking ſight;
And her fair hands with ſtrings of ſilver bright
A lyre celeſtial held; from which, whene'er
Call'd by the firſt fair virgin rob'd in white,
She pour'd ſuch rapt'rous numbers on the ear,
That Phœbus burſt his clouds, and all the ſky was clear.

XLVII.

Behind the beaming trio flew along
A beauteous band, all fair, all mildly gay;
Ne'er was there ſeen ſo bright a virgin throng,
Not e'en when Veſta held her ſacred day
On Rome's glad hills, and call'd her maids away
In ſlow proceſſion to her ſacred fane:
Around their temples nodding lilies play
In ſimple wreath; Temp'rance without a ſtain,
Grave Wiſdom, chearful Health, and Peace that knows
ne pain.

XLVIII.

The weeping knight uprais'd his trembling form,
Gazing with eye refreſh'd upon the ſight;
Huſh'd was the howling of the dreadful ſtorm,
And the dark heath he ſaw not with affright,
As erſt his eyne were wont; firm and upright
His ſoul within did ſeem to bid him ſtand;
When ſudden Glory wav'd her robe of light,
And o'er the harp ſwept her melodious hand, [land.
While the fair form in white thus chaunted o'er the

XLIX.

"Ah! where is gone gay Pleaſure's luring eye?
"Where gone her winning ſtep and trancing ſong?
"Where fled the ſplendor of her ſummer ſky?
"Where hid the ſportings of her feſtive throng?

"And

" And why is ſpread this dreary heath along?
" Why loves the ſtorm to ſound his terrors here?
" Why to this air do glooms and fears belong?
" Why drops the mortals' eye the mournful tear?
" Why ſighs his aching breaſt? Why aches that breaſt
with care?

L.

" Alas! 'twas Pleaſure planted it with thorns!
" Thorns hid in flow'rs, and dipt in nectar'd dew!
" Flow'rs, like the roſe that Maia's head adorns;
" Dew, ſuch as ſtuds the morning's girdle blue!
" Bright was her cup, and of reſplendent hue;
" Yet gloom and horror lurk'd within the bowl!
" Love from her eyne a thouſand arrows drew,
" Yet tipt with poiſon black, that ſoftly ſtole [ſoul.
" Thro' all the trembling veins, then rent and rack'd the

LI.

" Come then—O come to this compoſing breaſt!
" Come; on the Croſs repoſe the weary head!
" Come! For this boſom ſoothes the tir'd to reſt,
" And this hard Croſs yet makes an eaſy bed!
" This hand can join again life's parted thread!
" This eye can animate the pallid cheek
" With one warm look, tho' health has long been fled!
" This arm can raiſe to ſtrength the drooping weak,
" This arm the dart of woe, the rack of torture break!

" My

LII.

" My name's Religion. He who reigns above
" Calls me his own: by his celeſtial ſeat,
" Where Angels hymn the God of Peace and Love,
" His choſen handmaid was I form'd to ſtand:
" I am the chief of all th' angelic band,
" Sent by his mercy to the ſon of man,
" To heal his woes with voice of comfort bland,
" To ſooth the labour of his toiling ſpan,
" And give the high reward when well his race he ran!

LIII.

" Come then, thou Mourner, come to this ſoft breaſt!
" Thou, whom falſe Pleaſure taught her taſk of woe:
" Thou, who in vain haſt ſought relief and reſt
" In this dark ſcene, this dreary waſte below,
" Come, ſhelter peaceful from the blaſts that blow,
" The turbid blaſts of ſorrow and deceit!
" Theſe gentle arms, ne grief, ne trouble know;
" This gentle breaſt did ne'er with anguiſh beat;
" This placid boſom ne'er the furious tempeſt meet!

LIV.

" Yon dreaded ſtream where ſad Repentance rears
" His tort'ring ſcourge, my potent hand can calm,
" Sooth his fierce anger, when thy boſom fears,
" And ſtop his hand, and turn the deſtin'd harm!

" In

" In gen'rous breaſts, when I inſtil the balm,
" Of gentle Peace, Repentance racks ne moe:
" Again exerted is the riſing arm;
" For true repentance virtuous actions ſhew:
" Content then ſmiles again, ne mourns returning woe!

LV.

" Come then, thou mourner! here forget thy cares,
" Here lay that pallid form, that trembling heart;
" See, where Content her healing draught prepares,
" And hark! how Glory, brighteſt of the bleſt,
" Strikes the loud harp! her ſplendours all confeſt,
" See where ſhe ſtands, and calls thee to Renown!
" Here in my boſom ever honour'd reſt!
" Come! Glory waits with her rewarding crown,
" And ſweet Contentment ſmiles, and Nature drops
" her frown!"

LVI.

She ceas'd! Creation's univerſal frame
Brighten'd with joy; before the wond'ring eye
From the bright welkin beams of radiance came,
And ſolar ſplendour ſtream'd along the ſky:
The airy glooms evaporate and die;
The barren heath with flow'ry beauty gay
Throws thouſand ſweets of fragrant ſcent on high;
Repentance rolls his turbid ſtream away,
Creation, ſkies, and fields enliven into day.

Here

LVII.

Here verdant plains extend their velvet green,
There the awed ſoul ſurveys the rocky ſteep;
Here cluſt'ring groves o'erhang the woodland ſcene,
And yonder Ocean's blue-ey'd Naiads ſweep:
Anon wide tumbling down the valley deep,
From the grand mountain's ſky-ſaluting height,
Where muſing Solitude delights to ſleep,
The foaming cat'ract, ſparkling to the light,
Bounds o'er the echoing field, and daſhes on the ſight.

LVIII.

Soft to the prattle of the rippling ſtream,
The feather'd ſongſters warble from the grove;
Life's vain enjoyments ſeem a fev'riſh dream,
And all the ſoul is loſt in joy and love.
What ſonnet tend'rer than the cooing dove?
What muſic ſweeter than the throſtle's ſong?
Ah, here, if here the pilgrim's footſteps rove,
Here, where the rural graces love to throng, [wrong.
Here ſhall he reſt his hopes, nor find thoſe hopes were

LIX.

The knight enraptur'd claſp'd her boſom round;
Sereneſt Pleaſure warm'd his alter'd breaſt;
And, as his eyne his angel ſoother found,
They darted grateful glances that confeſt

How

How lov'd that heart which call'd his woes to reſt.
Then Glory came, and fix'd upon his head
The crown of honour and the warlike creſt,
And ſhining helm, ſo long that uſeleſs laid,
And to his graceful ſide yfix'd the deathful blade.

LX.

" Go," ſung ſhe, ſtriking her exalted lyre,
" Go, lift th' oppreſs'd, and beat th' oppreſſor low;
" Go, where ſad Juſtice ſees her ſons expire,
" And Tyranny quaffs down the tears of Woe!
" Eternal peace ſhall chear thy breaſt below,
" And when Heav'n calls thee to its arms above,
" Immortal ſplendor beam around thy brow!
" Go; Virtue calls thee; watch her guiding eye;
" When Virtue draws the ſword, tempeſts and ſtorms
defy!

LXI.

" Peace ne abides with Indolence and Eaſe,"
Sung mild Contentment, pouring from her urn
Th' invigorating draught; while ev'ry breeze
Caught her ſoft lay, and whiſper'd it in turn;
" Peace bids her ſons the taſk of virtue learn,
" As great Alcides' ſelf ythought of old;
" 'Tis thro' the rock the hidden mine we earn.
" This goblet quaff; 'twill warm, tho' pure and cold,
" When Glory's crown is thine, Content will crown
the bold." " Enough!"

ANTHEM;

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH

OF AN AMIABLE & ACCOMPLISHED

YOUNG LADY.

Who departed this Life, January 14, 1801,

ANNO ÆTAT. SU. 15.

DIRGE.

Jan. 20th, 1801.

AH ſay, why tearful is the ſadden'd eye?
Why weeps pale Sorrow o'er the mournful tomb?
Is it that Death's dark cloud with deep'ning gloom
Has ſwept Life's chearful morn and ſmiling ſky!
Yet, ſorrowing pair, whoſe fond parental breaſts
Still mourn departed lovelineſs and worth;
Yet, yet look up to where your Angel reſts,
And mounts immortal from the woes of earth!

And, thou, lorn Sifter lovelier in thy tears,
O wipe the liquid ſorrow from thy brow;
And thou, ſad Brother of her once gay years,
Smile that a Seraph claims thy friendſhip now;

AIR.

AIR.

For in robes of glory beaming
High ſhe treads the azure ground,
Where, in ſounds of rapture ſtreaming
All the harps of Heav'n reſound!

Falls, in ſtrains of muſic dying,
Streams, that warble as they flow,
Symphonies in Zephyrs ſighing,
Ever breathing ſoft and ſlow;

Fields, that know no winter dreary,
Groves, to heav'nly muſing dear,
There her charm'd eye never weary,
Never tire her raviſh'd ear!

RECITATIVE.

Lift, lift, fond pair, the drooping head;
O let the ſmiles, ſo ſoon that fled,
Again ſalute th' enliven'd Morn!
Huſh, huſh Affection's mournful ſigh,
And wipe from out the tear-dew'd eye
The pearls that Woe's pale cheek adorn.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Ye Choirs of Harmony on high,
Who tune the ſpheres that charm the ſky,
For ever rolling round th' eternal throne ;
Quick with your magic ſounds unfold
Yon portals of celeſtial gold ;
A Siſter Minſtrel comes to claim her own ;
Haſte, bring the veſt of ſhining white,
The glitt'ring harp, and crown of light,
And pour a flood of radiance on her way !
She comes, ſhe comes ! upon her brow
Life beams immortal triumph now ;
Her eyelids open on eternal day !

GRAND CHORUS.

Hark, how the golden lyres around
Roll all the majeſty of ſound,
As loud ſhe hails her native ſky !
Now wide upon the raptur'd ſight
Burſt beatific viſions bright ;
Death binds her Angel form no more ;
She burſts the bonds that chain'd before,
And puts on Immortality.

FINIS.

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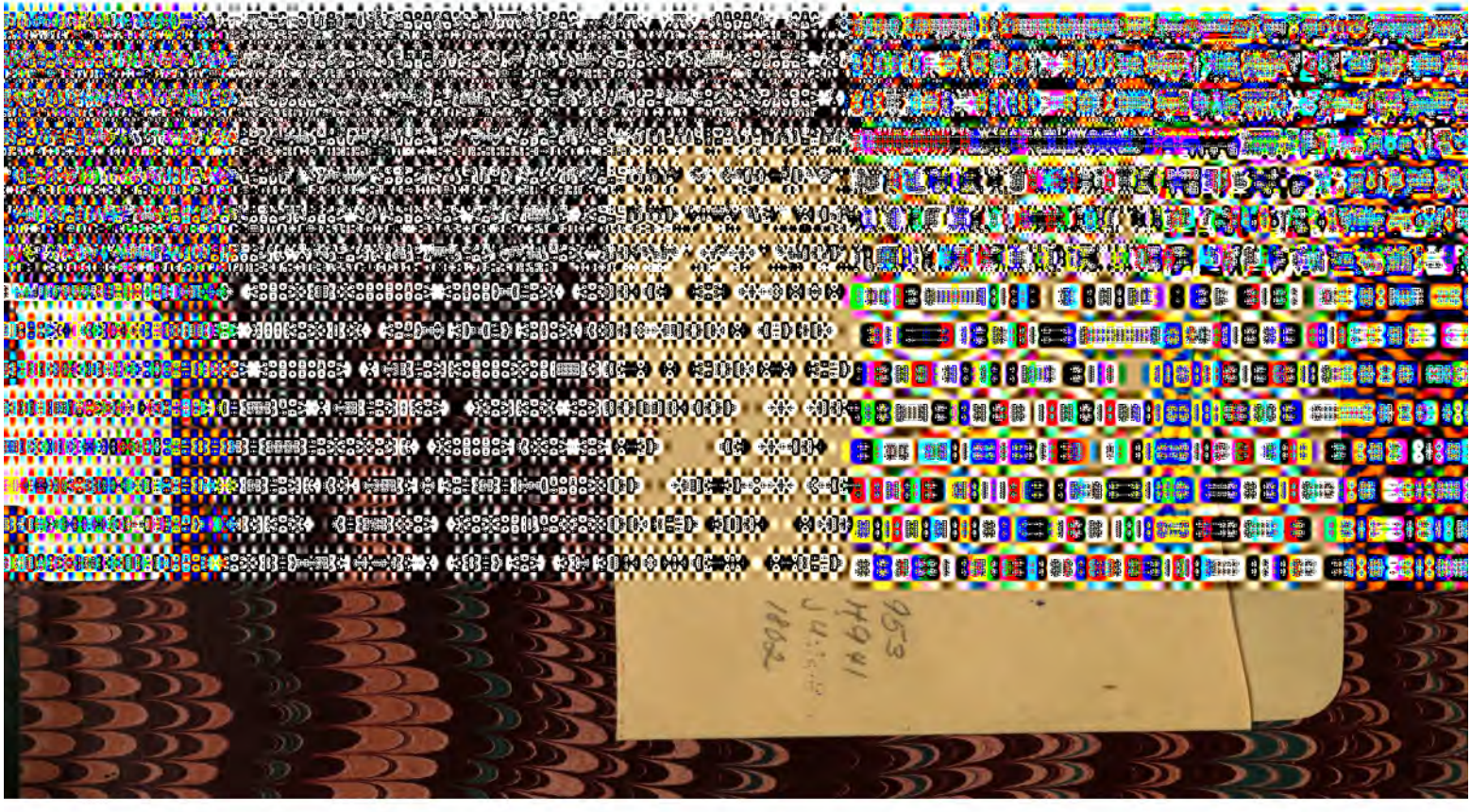
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